THE LIVING AGE

NUMBER 4029

SEPTEMBER 24, 1921

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

CONTROVERSY IN CHINA

A LIVELY controversy is raging in China, in which Professor John Dewey, Bertrand Russell, and, very indirectly, Charles R. Crane, the late American Minister to China, are involved. Professor Dewey, who sympathizes strongly with the South China government, has accused the British of hostile propaganda against the Southern Republic. He detects a sordid motive for this attitude in certain mining concessions which the British have obtained from the Northern militarists, and charges powerful financial interests at Hongkong with desiring to perpetuate the old, corrupt régime. He says the British hold the same position in South China that the Japanese hold in North China, intriguing in favor of disorder and disintegration so as to fish in the muddy waters thus created. To this, the *Japan Chronicle*, which champions British interests in the Far East, rejoins with the implied suspicion that Professor Dewey is eager for the success of the Consortium, in which American capitalists are interested, and which is likewise seeking profitable openings in South China.

Mr. Bertrand Russell is involved, because, in his final address before leaving Peking, he referred to an alleged remark by Mr. Crane, at Chita, to the effect that the only remedy he could perceive for China was some sort of international financial control. Naturally, Bertrand Russell does not agree to such a theory, his view being that China will be happier under its old social institutions than it will be if converted into a modern industrial state, with a huge operative proletariat, under the benignant forcing of international finance. The *Chronicle* reports that this suggestion gave great offense to Professor Dewey, who is strongly in favor of some such arrangement as Mr. Crane intimated might be desirable. Bertrand Russell thereupon addressed a letter to the *Chronicle*, defending Professor Dewey, though differing from his views favoring the Consortium. While Professor Dewey 'sees in the expansion of American influence in China the best hope of China's regeneration, I do not.' He adds: 'Certainly some explanation has to be sought for the extreme hostility of Hongkong to the government of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. The favor shown to that government by the Americans also needs explanation, which I hope will be provided by some American as "unpatriotic" as myself.'

✤

PARLIAMENTS COMING BACK

UNDER the stress of war, European parliaments, like our own Congress, de-

Copyright 1921, by The Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ferred to such an extent to the executive branch of the government, that this waiver of functions amounted almost to an abrogation of their authority. Now there is a reaction — at least in France — which threatens to go to the other extreme. We hear protests that the Chamber of Deputies is usurping what should be exclusively diplomatic functions. Before the recent adjournment of that body, Louis Marin, a Nationalist deputy, tried to secure the signatures of a majority of the members to a call for a special session if the foreign situation should make this seem desirable. He actually secured 280 of the 310 signatures which would have been necessary for this object. However, protests are being heard against Parliament's interfering in the diplomatic negotiations of the Republic, because these are without its proper jurisdiction, and because this policy tends to create a condition of anarchy in foreign relations.

On the other hand, the Cabinet is being severely criticized for continuing the war policy of agitating in the newspapers questions at issue between itself and other governments. By thus stimulating popular excitement, the ministry is likely to place itself in a position where it is impossible to retreat or compromise — a perilous situation where Great Powers have to work together on a basis of give and take. The recent excitement in France over the Upper Silesia negotiations, which rumor says was largely manufactured for domestic political objects, is a case in point.

✽

WORKERS AGITATING IN JAPAN

THIRTY thousand shipyard workers have recently been on strike in Kobe, and, following the example of the Italian metal-workers a year ago, they took possession of the Kawasaki dockyards, one of the largest metal-working and shipbuilding establishments in the Empire. The *Herald of Asia*, a Japanese Liberal weekly, thus comments on this occurrence: —

> The present dockyard strikes at Kobe mark a new advance in the labor movement in Japan. The strikers demand, among other things, the right of collective bargaining and participation in the management of the workshops. But what more markedly differentiates the present strikes from all past strikes in this country is the way in which the striking workers conduct themselves. They strictly abstain from drinking, and all public demonstrations have been carried out with praiseworthy discipline and unusual absence of all disorderly scenes. Evidently, they are under the control of able and wise leaders. This is indeed remarkable, in view of the greatness of the number of men on strike, namely, over thirty thousand. Official pressure brought to bear upon them in one shape or another has only stiffened their determination, and at present there is no indication of any weakening among them.

Later accounts of this labor-struggle indicate that it does, indeed, mark a new stage in the history of industrial disputes in Japan. The strike began at the Kawasaki yard on July 7. The Mitsubishi workers came out on July 12. This brought the number of strikers up to the maximum mentioned, more than 30,000, mostly from the shipbuilding and metal-working trades, where the most intelligent and best remunerated mechanics of Japan are employed. At first the men proposed to conduct the dispute while staying in the workshops, using the sabotage tactics which succeeded two years ago. However, the companies locked them out, at the same time allowing the men half-pay. After ten days, both shops reopened their doors and stopped half-pay. About one third of the men returned, but the remainder have persisted in the strike, although the government has used the severest methods

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of repression. For instance, last month a cordon of police was thrown around a district where the industrial workers mostly reside, and all the important strike leaders upon whom the authorities could lay hands were arrested.

Among the features which distinguish the present strike from most of its predecessors are its duration, the determination shown by the rank and file, as well as the leaders, to fight the controversy to a finish in spite of the government as well as the employers, and the syndicalist theories which are gaining ground among the workers.

Mr. Bertrand Russell, who is now in Japan, — having happily recovered from his recent reported death in Peking, — recently said in a public interview that the labor movement of Japan was to-day about where the English labor movement was eighty years ago — namely at the commencement of a transition from an agricultural to an industrial society. However, Baron Ishimoto, who is also a well-known student of social and labor questions in the Orient made the point that the growth of Socialist ideas in Japan renders the movement there quite different from the British labor movement of the forties.

The tenant farmers of Japan are also forming combinations to protect themselves against their landlords. Last spring there were already 416 such unions in existence, with an aggregate membership approaching 50,000. These unions are forcing the lowering of rent. Like the earlier Japanese labor organizations, however, they are in many cases of a temporary nature, disbanding as soon as they have accomplished their immediate object.

A significant opinion is current in Japan that, where the tenants are ex-soldiers who have served in Siberia, these agricultural disputes are likely to be accompanied by violence.

ESKISHEHR

Le Figaro's special staff correspondent in the Levant describes in a recent issue of that journal his visit to Eskishehr before its capture by the Greeks, when it was still the key of the Turkish front. After bestowing much praise upon the efficient way in which the refugees, fleeing from the Greek invasion, were provided for, he adds: —

> The work of the Red Crescent organization is no less remarkable. I found the hospitals filled with wounded freshly received from the battlefield. The large mosques, the Catholic church, and the better houses of the city had been taken over for this purpose. A number of Red Crescent hospital trains were busy, each with a full detail of female nurses. The latter are young girls and matrons of good family, who fulfill their duties with the same patriotic devotion which our Red Cross nurses exhibited during the war. They are permitted to go about unveiled when on duty, and wear the same costume as the nurses in our own country, including a white blouse and white muslin veil. I personally visited nearly all the hospitals. I found the beds perfectly clean and tidy, the ventilation perfect, and the operating-rooms and dressing-rooms excellently conducted. I inspected the kitchens and tasted the food, and carefully examined the dispensaries and linen rooms. I could see no difference between them and our better hospitals in France. On several occasions I took impromptu meals with the staff. The members would rush in, snatching a moment from their work, just as they did with us at the height of the war. The conversation, hope, discouragement, and the supreme effort were identical with those of our own tragic memories. Then, when the crisis was over, there was the same petty friction and quarreling that always succeeds a period of high nervous tension.

He describes Eskishehr as a city where no one is idle: —

> Every morning, about five o'clock, sirens shriek for a full ten minutes. Are they announcing that Greek airplanes are visible,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coming to bombard the city? No, they are calling the employees of the munition factories and cannon foundries to work. After this it is impossible to get any sleep. Peasants are arriving from the country, driving huge buffalo carts, whose wheels rumble over the rough pavements. Caravans of camels wind through the streets. Red Crescent ambulances dash past, on some emergency call, returning slowly with their burden of wounded. Trains are whistling at the railway station, and automobiles are speeding in all directions. The town is wide awake, and will remain so until two or three the following morning.

✻

LIMAN VON SANDERS

GENERAL LIMAN VON SANDERS, chief of the German military mission and forces in Turkey during the war, has added his book to the imposing mass of political and military memoirs with which the world is being flooded. His title is *Fünf Jahre Türkei*, or *Five Years of Turkey*. It appears from the reviews to record incessant bickering and bitterness between the Germans and the Turks, beginning almost as soon as Turkey entered the war, and continuing *crescendo* until the final catastrophe. One anecdote at least will be read with sympathetic understanding by men familiar with the Near East, and with the difficulties and misunderstandings that attend military coöperation between nations having radically different characters, ideals, and practical aims. When General von Sanders was in command of the Palestine front in 1918, shortly before the English broke through, he was scantily provided with troops, munitions, and medical supplies, and was surrounded by native tribes ready at any moment to revolt. He sent dispatch after dispatch to Stamboul, imploring reinforcements. On September 21, five days before Bulgaria laid down her arms, he received his first communication from Turkish Headquarters. It was carefully coded. In the utmost suspense he waited for it to be deciphered. It read as follows: 'On October 8 an athletic meet is to be held at this place. Would Your Excellency be willing to provide a prize for the sack-race?'

✻

COUNT KAROLY'S DENIAL

COUNT MICHAEL KAROLY has addressed to the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* a formal denial of each of the charges that Prince Windischgrätz recently brought against him in the Hungarian Parliament, to the effect that he and his party were in the pay of the Entente; that he revealed important military secrets to Entente emmissaries; that he maintained relations with the Soviet government, and that he had tendered Hungarian territory to the Allies before the defeat of the Central Powers. He admits, what the world knows in any case, that he was an outspoken and consistent opponent of the Triple Alliance before the war, and that he advocated at that time reconciliation, and if possible an alliance, between Hungary and the South Slavs.

✻

THE DOMINIONS AND IRELAND

THE Dominion press appears to have little sympathy with Ireland's claim for the right to secede from the Empire. The *Melbourne Argus* and the *Sydney Morning Herald* refuse to believe that the Sinn Fein leaders will plunge Ireland again into strife. The *Capetown Times* expresses the same opinion, and asserts that, should the present negotiations fail, the public sentiment of the Empire will place the blame upon the Irish Independence leaders. This is the view also of the *Melbourne Age*, the *Sydney News*, and the *Sydney Telegraph*. Apparently, the Dominions consider their own form of government

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good enough for anybody, and are inclined to be impatient that a demand should be made for rights exceeding their own.

✱

CLEMENCEAU AND JAURÈS

La Nouvelle Revue prints a series of short pen-sketches of prominent French political leaders, by Edouard Millaud, from which we select the following portrait of Clemenceau, written in 1905: —

I have been intimately acquainted with Clemenceau since 1875, when we were both members of the Chamber of Deputies. He is not a star of first magnitude, but a consummate artist. He has more *savoir* than genius, and more talent than *savoir*. He has the qualities of a shrewd business man and of a hunter. He pursues and seizes his prey. When he makes a spring, no hedge or obstacle can check him. He is intent only on his prey. He will have it. He will have it all for himself. He does not share with others.

He is a physician. He dismembers and dissects his victim. No minister can operate at ease with Clemenceau against him. He ceases his superior gestures and no longer looks down with Olympian hauteur upon his underlings. If I were an American millionaire, I'd gladly pay a bountiful sum to see Clemenceau take office. It would not interest me so much to observe Jaurès, who is at heart a government official, preside over the Cabinet; but it would be worth one's while to watch Clemenceau handle the reins of office. Jaurès flatters, interests, and persuades. The graces follow him to the tribune. When he speaks on agriculture, for instance, his address is a marvel of delicate dilettantism. Georges Clemenceau is not sufficiently master of himself, or well enough informed on details, to deliver an address like that.

After having destroyed what he opposes, Jaurès is constructive in his way. Clemenceau abhors construction. His delight is in demolishing. Were the edifice of state ever to be built precisely to his taste, he would even change his mind and wish to destroy it. The doors would be too narrow, the windows too broad. According to the caprice of the moment, he would find the foundations too high or the roof too low. For him the front would face in the wrong direction, the chimney smoke, the tenants be infected with contagions. He would call for the pick and the mine and dynamite. The whole thing must be blown up.

Clemenceau is absolute and systematic. Jaurès is conciliating and skeptical. The former never agrees; the latter is always ready to discuss a matter. Clemenceau writes better than he speaks; he has many readers, but little popularity. Jaurès is more an orator than a writer. He subdues assemblies. He dazzles the people, and his portrait is in every humble home.

✱

MINOR NOTES

WE quote from *L'Europe Nouvelle* the following comment apropos of the recent meeting of the Supreme Council at Paris: —

It was generally remarked during this week's Conference, that the members of the Allied Commission for Upper Silesia did not seem at all eager for any kind of a settlement. Malicious critics say that the best way to settle the trouble there, would be to lower salaries in Upper Silesia to the level of those in France.

On August 3 the Socialists and Fascisti signed a formal treaty in the office of the Speaker of the Lower House. The text of this treaty consists of an introduction and eleven articles, engaging the two parties to cease all threats, acts of violence, and reprisals against each other, and to respect the emblems and party insignia of their opponents. Provision is made for boards of arbitration in each province, consisting of two representatives of each party and a non-partisan chairman, to deal with such disputes as may arise between the two organizations. However, the English papers report that violence continues in defiance of this agreement.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So far as popular interests of the Japanese are indicated by the books they read, it would appear that their attention is given largely to social questions. According to a recent classification of the books and magazines printed in the Empire, those upon this subject, including labor conditions, economics, political science, sociology, history, and law, are a close second to works of fiction, general literature, and art. The figures, in order of number of new titles, are:—

Art and Literature	9225
Social Sciences	9184
Industry	6561
Education	4492
Religion	2742
Natural Science	1662
Medicine	1243
Military	603

BOLIVIA'S oil-fields are beginning to attract attention, and two British, two American, and one Chilean company are already working there under old concessions. A new American application has recently been refused; and the government that has come into power as a result of the last revolution is reported to be unfriendly to proposals for the more extended exploitation of these resources by foreigners.

THE drought that is afflicting southeastern Russia does not extend to many parts of the Ukraine or to Poland. According to the Minister of Agriculture of the latter country, Poland's yield of winter wheat will be double that of a year ago. The potato and sugar-beet crops are also excellent. Food-control was abolished — except for sugar and alcohol — on July 15.

ACCORDING to a recent census, the European population of the South African Union is now a million and a half, an increase of two hundred and forty-five thousand since 1911.

IN marked contrast with what is reported to be the effect of unemployment in this country, where the movement is from the city to the farms, the dismissed workers of New Zealand are flocking from the country to the cities, because farmers are cutting wages and discharging many of the hands they employed during the recent era of high prices.

A LAW has just been passed by the Lower House of the Japanese Parliament, and will probably go into effect shortly, introducing the metric system in that country. The change is to be completed in government offices, schools, public institutions, and large factories within five years, and is to be general throughout the empire at the end of twenty years.

THE prohibition movement has reached Japan. Some Buddhist leaders are preaching total abstinence based on the example of the founder of their faith; and it is proposed to make his birthday, April 4, a 'prohibition day.'

GREAT BRITAIN'S recent Colonial Office estimates allot more than one hundred and thirty million dollars for the expenses of the government in Mesopotamia and Palestine. The Arabs of Mesopotamia are shortly to have their own popularly elected assembly, and to be offered a king of their own choosing.

Frankfurter Zeitung has published a fourth edition of its *Indexzahlen* bringing its record of German prices on commodities and security movements down to April, 1921. This pamphlet of sixty-four pages gives actual and percentage quotations, as well as graphic charts regarding the movement of prices in Germany, the United States, and the leading industrial countries in Europe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TSINGTAU TO PEKING

BY ERICH VON SALZMANN

From *Vossische Zeitung, July* 30
(BERLIN CONSERVATIVE LIBERAL DAILY)

TSINGTAU presents a most complicated problem — a problem involved with the Shantung controversy, which originated in the secret treaty between England, France, and Italy on the one side and Japan on the other. From the legal standpoint the Versailles Treaty has strengthened Japan's contentions. America's protest is the last move in the case.

Under the Versailles Treaty Japan acquires all Germany's rights in Shantung. Tokyo construes those rights, both legally and economically, with a liberality most advantageous to itself. Baron Inouye, chief of the information service at the Tokyo Foreign Office, General Hikida, chief of the Japanese General Staff in Shantung, and Irisawa, head of the civil administration at Tsingtau, all told me that Japan had tried repeatedly to negotiate directly with China, and had offered to evacuate Shantung in order to settle this troublesome question. They said that the Chinese authorities refused to negotiate directly with them, insisting instead that the whole matter be referred to the League of Nations.

I am not in a position to say how far this Japanese official version conforms with the facts. However that may be, no progress is being made toward a settlement. At any moment this dispute may create a crisis that will lead to war. America keeps the pot boiling through the Y.M.C.A., which exerts a powerful influence among the Chinese students. This organization busies itself extensively here with political propaganda, and mighty little with Christianity.

So America has machinery for setting public opinion in China ablaze whenever she wishes. It is a new Northcliffe system, and we Germans know what that means. America's masters of finance in New York have only to press a button to explode a mine in China. Every young educated Chinaman is completely under the influence of America's teaching. General Hikida, a wise, cool-headed, distinguished gentleman, told me that on the ninth of May, which is observed in China as a day of national humiliation, because the country was forced by Japan to subscribe to the Twenty-one Points on that date six years ago, American missionaries in Macao distributed handbills and organized public processions, calling upon the people to drive every Japanese — and every Englishman also — out of the country. Responsibility for the truth of this statement rests with General Hikida; but it is typical of the sort of thing one constantly hears in China.

Tsingtau is now inseparably associated with the rest of Shantung. Japan cannot withdraw her troops and representatives from Shantung proper and confine her occupation solely to Tsingtau protectorate. In that case, the port would speedily be isolated and would sink to the economic unimportance of Weihaiwei or Chefoo, becoming merely a beach resort. What value would Tsingtau have for Japan without its back country? The Japanese do not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

need a naval station here, because their own country lies so near the Asiatic continent that it is equally convenient for their fleet to anchor on the Japanese or the Chinese coast.

So Japan is already beginning to harvest the bitter fruits of her arbitrary policy toward China; a policy which it is too late to reverse. The commercial and industrial connections which Japan has established in Shantung will continue only so long as they are supported by her cannon and bayonets. The World War has taught us how fugitive such conquests are. Consequently, the Japanese are more earnestly seeking some better method, which will let them coöperate on a friendly footing with the Chinese. But though every Japanese with whom I have conversed eagerly wishes a wiser policy one thing stands in the way: the Japanese *soldateska* in Shantung will tolerate no interference with its privileges. In every village of the Protectorate I found Japanese policemen and Japanese letter-boxes. Above the latter were posted placards inviting the Chinese to deposit in them their complaints against Japanese soldiers and officials. This itself is a bad sign. A government that is forced to employ the Lion's Mouth of Venice, must have an evil conscience.

Japanese guards are stationed everywhere along the Shantung railway. Chinese guards are posted immediately outside the railway property. Does that look like budding friendship? Japanese contingents are stationed in the former German mining regions of Hungshan and Posham; and the great barracks that the War Department is erecting at Tsinan, the centre of the oldest seat of Chinese civilization, do not suggest plans for an immediate military evacuation. Everywhere one meets evidences of mutual distrust. The Chinese and Japanese have not yet come together for direct negotiations, nor do they show any indication of doing so. The reassuring reports that are issued from time to time are merely conventional sedatives for public opinion, dosed out in the hope of preventing Shantung from becoming another Alsace-Lorraine.

The Japanese are moving heaven and earth to recover their old prestige in North China. Some people here assert that the Japanese have already won a political victory in Tientsin and Peking, and that there is proof of this in the increasing reserve with which the Chinese government handles the Shantung issue. A more tolerant attitude toward Japan's proposals is also reported along the Yangtze. But China's young intellectuals hate Japan with a bitterness that is relentless and inflexible. This is something that Japan must face.

Shantung's economic development cannot be separated psychologically from its military and political control. All three are inseparably associated. There is no way of escape from the quandary thus created. A man needs to reside in Tsingtau only a day or two to see perfectly well that, whatever the Japanese profess, they intend to remain there. They have already invested so much money in the country, and have committed themselves to so many things there, that holding Tsingtau is no longer a mere question of prestige, but a matter of very concrete material importance. Were the government to withdraw from all the undertakings which it has organized at great expense in the Tsingtau Protectorate and in Shantung for definite propaganda purposes, not a single Japanese subject would be able to make a living in this part of China.

The Chinese common people meanwhile are comparatively apathetic with regard to political questions. They take Japanese money to-day as readily as they took German money for-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

merly. Coolies and peasants with whom I talked said to me quite naturally, without the slightest show of political feeling: 'The Germans were fine people. We wish they would all come back. But the Japanese are very good people, and spend lots of money.'

And that is the truth. Since the Japanese took over Tsingtau, they have spent money as lavishly as we did when we were making this a naval base. Most of the buildings and public improvements have been constructed by the government; but there are also large private investments. All this has given the Chinese much employment. Land-speculation, which the German government wisely kept in check by a skilful system of land-control, is now running wild. The peasants are making fortunes selling their farms. Speculators are erecting whole new suburbs. Coolies are earning high wages in the brick-yards; masons, carpenters, pipefitters, street laborers, glaziers, in short, mechanics of every kind, have been employed regularly at higher wages than they ever knew before. That has kept the local population in good humor. Money has been plentiful, and one sees the result.

The Japanese government has been very careful to preserve the German appearance of the city. The streets are as faultlessly clean as they were under German rule. I did not see a single dilapidated building. The wharves and harbor works are in excellent condition, and have been extended. There has been such an extraordinary amount of building that not only are all the vacant places in the old city occupied by new structures, but a whole new Japanese manufacturing and residential city has sprung up in the suburbs. This new town is a perfect copy of a modern German town, and is strictly up to our best sanitary standards.

This has been paid for with government money, and with the money of great war profiteers diverted in this direction by government influence. Consequently the whole thing is artificial. There is no spontaneous purpose in this development. Tsingtau is today a Japanese luxury colony, with a tributary back country under military occupation. Japan will never win the markets and commercial supremacy so eagerly desired by these methods. Economic conquests demand peace, security, and confidence, which do not now exist.

The trade that Germany had established in this region has vanished. Her representatives have withdrawn in anger and disgust. The Japanese are not only illiberal, but relentlessly hostile, toward foreign competitors; they look upon them merely as rivals, and they cannot comprehend that it will take a full generation, perhaps, for their own merchants to gain the confidence of the people, without which an assured trade with China is impossible

I traveled over a railway built by German engineers with German materials, from the capital of Shantung to Tientsin, — 'the Gate of Heaven,' — the great commercial centre of North China. Immediately after passing Tsinan, where the portion of the line under Chinese control begins, we began to notice the dilapidated condition of the rolling stock. The contrast with the Shantung line, operated by the Japanese, is most marked. There is one express train a day, but it seldom runs on schedule. It is better to say nothing of other trains. Passenger cars and freight cars are dirty, and out of repair. The locomotives, which ten years ago were among the finest in the world, are still in running order, but by no means in fair condition. For seven years, practically no repairs or replacements have been made on this line. The fact that it runs at all seems

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be due to the solidity with which it was originally built. Station buildings, bridges, culverts, and other permanent structures have survived even Chinese neglect.

The army of Chinese parasites, — officers, soldiers, and their relatives, — which usually supplies three fourths of the passengers on a railway in this country, can travel on the express only by paying full fare. So such people avoid this train, and our fellow passengers were mostly native merchants from South China and white people.

We cross Northern Shantung, and pass the Hwang River into the Chihli province. The green of the second sowing begins to disappear; the country becomes brown and dry. Fine sandy dust drives against the car windows. The parching heat is almost unendurable. We are gradually entering the famine district of which the whole world is talking. America is utilizing this natural catastrophe for extensive political propaganda.

Here in North China a very remarkable climatic phenomenon has occurred. During the past five years the usual summer rains have practically ceased. The rivers and canals are drying up, and famine has followed close upon the heels of drought. We saw hundreds of moaning and wailing people at every stopping-place, driven back from the station by railway guards. Each person had a basket in his hand, and appealed to the pity of passengers. To be perfectly honest, most of these famine sufferers looked to me remarkably normal. I personally saw no evidences at any railway station of those symptoms of chronic undernourishment with which we have unhappily become familiar in Germany. Possibly professional famine-begging has organized itself in China more quickly than would have been possible elsewhere; and the real sufferers are invisible in the villages.

If a permanent change of climate has occurred, as many assert, it will have a profound affect upon the entire land. Not only country people, but also city residents are affected. China's ability to support itself has been seriously impaired since Japan annexed Manchuria. The growth of manufacturing and the emigration from the farms to the city are attributed by many to both Japanese policy and the change of climate. However this may be, they are developments which will have no little effect upon the life of the nation. An industrialized China with progressive methods of agriculture may bring to naught the plans of many European countries, and disappoint the hopes of America and Japan. It is already easy to detect the presence of psychological and mechanical conditions favorable to such a development. When this occurs we shall witness the rise of a new Chinese imperialism.

The manners of Chinese travelers have undergone a marked change. The natives have become perfectly at home in parlor-cars and dining-cars. It was in a dining-car that I observed a striking instance of the independence of judgment which the people now exhibit. A Chinaman sat there reading a book, and I infer it was in German. An Englishman who sat opposite noted this, and asked in English: 'Why are you reading such stuff?' He received a prompt answer, audible to everyone in the dining-car: 'I assume the war is over, and the time has come to hear both sides. Don't you agree with me?' The Englishman replied: 'Yes, certainly, you are right.'

This incident was characteristic. The Englishmen out here hate us bitterly. One of my traveling companions showed me two envelopes, which had contained letters conveying important commercial information to Germany. They had been mailed through the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chinese Post Office. The English had diverted them to London. Here a British censor opened them, stamped on the outside that they could not be sent to Germany, and returned them to the writers in China. This occurred in the year 1921. If I had not seen the evidence personally, I would not have believed it.

Every foreign traveler whom I met in Japan, without exception, told me that I would find an entirely new China; that the Chinese had changed remarkably, and in particular that I would not recognize Peking. I have been in China three weeks, and in Peking a week, and I must say that this country, which I have known for twenty-one years, has passed through a transformation. China is awake. China is rousing herself. China will again be independent; her great goal now is independence.

We Germans are regarded by the Chinese to-day as a sympathetic and congenial people. Every Chinaman I have met, whether an intellectual or a man on the street, has expressed this opinion. That was the first and most surprising thing I noted. There are people here who cannot accustom themselves to the new era, and spend their time deploring it. Such Germans and other Europeans cannot comprehend the Chinese of to-day. They insist that the old dignified, reserved Chinaman has become 'insolent and presumptuous.' But a man who regards and respects a Chinaman as a fellow man, entitled to equal rights with himself, will understand the transformation and welcome it.

For instance, in the old days, when you took a railway train to Peking, you would find that every Englishman had a compartment reserved to himself. That was true in general of all Europeans, who aped English ways in this respect. Any Chinaman who did not belong to the upper ten thousand, and have in addition a personal pull with the railway officials, had to look out for accommodations as best he might. Generally he was forced to turn up at the station an hour before the train left in order to get any kind of a seat. If he did not do this, he sent a servant the night before to hold one for him. Whether you liked it or not, you had to conform to this system in order to be sure of having any accommodations. The practice had grown into a great abuse.

To-day, however, a Chinaman is treated on the railways precisely the same as a European. It is most exceptional for a whole compartment on an express train to be reserved for anybody. Chinamen conduct themselves like masters in their own house, and use European methods of transportation as if they were their own. A Chinaman will open conversation with a fellow traveler just the way people do in America, and discuss the weather and politics with him. I had not been on the train five minutes before a Chinaman in my compartment began a lively conversation upon the reason for Germany's collapse. He was particularly interested in the effect of the blockade upon Germany.

Express trains are always overcrowded. Your modern Chinaman loves traveling as much as does the modern Japanese. He wishes above all things to see his country advance as speedily as possible along modern lines, and to struggle out of the indescribable chaos into which European management has temporarily precipitated it. He knows that railways, telegraph lines, and telephones are essential to accomplish this object.

I was first impressed with the change in Peking itself by watching the street traffic. To be sure, the external appearance of the town also has greatly changed. Modern structures are more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prominent. Even in the back streets and alleys there is less evidence than formerly of hopeless poverty among the masses. To be sure, you still meet beggars everywhere. That continues to be a profitable profession; but the authorities are trying to break up the custom of exhibiting repulsive afflictions in public, in order to extract alms.

On all sides are soldiers in khaki, with fixed bayonets. If the mere prevalence of armed troops everywhere and on all occasions betokened militarism, peaceful China would seem to-day the most militarist country in the world. At least a million and a half men in that country wear uniforms and carry rifles. They are evidence of the disorders into which the country has been thrown by the usurping policy of England and Japan, and the constant agitation of the Yankees. The land is suffering bitterly from these disorders. As I write, an important interior city has just been pillaged and thousands of its citizens slaughtered. No one knows who received the booty. But the responsibility for this atrocity eventually rests upon foreigners, — particularly English and Japanese, — for they have undermined and virtually destroyed the authority of the native government. Those two powers consciously sow anarchy in order to reap a harvest from its crop.

THE LETTERS I READ

BY EUGENE LEVINÉ

[*The author of the following article served as an interpreter and censor at a prison-camp for officers in Germany during the war.*]

From *Die Rote Fahne, July* 29, 30, *August* 2
(Berlin Official Communist Daily)

We had some three hundred officers in our care. About half of them were Russians. Each prisoner was permitted to send one postal-card a week and a six-page letter twice a month to his friends and relatives. It was my task to read all the Russian communications. It was likewise my duty to read all the mail received by the Russian officers before it was delivered to them. The number of letters received varied; sometimes two hundred would arrive by a single mail, so that several days would be required to read them. Other days we would have only five or six. On an average the letters received and dispatched — that is the total number which it was necessary to read — numbered more than one hundred daily.

It gave a man an odd feeling to be thus introduced into the intimate thoughts and affairs of one hundred and fifty men and their families and friends; to see how fate dealt with each of them; to observe their respective attitudes toward their fate; to follow all the little dramas of love and jealousy, of anger and contempt, of hatred and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bitterness, of solicitude and tenderness, which they revealed.

It is true that some preserved a defiant silence. An officer of the guards wrote to his wife bluntly: 'I am not accustomed to have strangers read my letters. You will understand consequently that I can send you no news.' A young wife wrote to her husband: 'I have so much to tell you, but my pen rebels when I think of the strangers who will read this letter.' Naturally, therefore, many tender messages and frank revelations were suppressed, lest they come to strangers' eyes.

But this was not true of all. Many of the correspondents resolutely set aside all such compunctions. 'Don't write about politics; that will get you into trouble. Write me about yourself and the children and our friends and relatives. Write me about your life, what you are feeling and thinking. Don't bother about the censors who read our letters.' Such people became almost indifferent to the fact that strangers would, as a matter of official necessity, read what they wrote. They preferred to let others have a glimpse into their private affairs, rather than to be cut off entirely from news of those dear to them. Most letters in fact were written as if they would be read only by the recipients. They often disclosed powerful emotions and weird oddities of temperament, which it would have been hard for the writer to hide, had he or she so desired.

After a few weeks I felt personally acquainted with these correspondents. I learned to recognize them individually by the handwriting on the envelopes before I opened the letters. That trembling, scrawling address was written by the wife of a Caucasian reserve lieutenant, who is so intensely worried about her husband. This perpendicular, energetic address was written by the wife of a captain, who seldom mentions anything but business. If she ever speaks of the children and family affairs it is in a very brief and casual way. Then here is a delicate, graceful handwriting, almost like embroidery: it is from an old mother who always writes tenderly and solicitously to her young beardless son, who cannot reconcile himself to his imprisonment.

I also learned to recognize the correspondents by the paper they used and the form of their envelopes. Those large, heavy gray letters were from a Moscow general to his son. Those little decorated envelopes, with the flower design, were from a young office-worker to her imprisoned lover. The long, narrow violet-blue envelope — always smelling of violet perfume — went to the tall captain with the smallpox marks, who had been married but four weeks when the war broke out.

Even the picture postcards betrayed the senders. Some from Moscow had views of the Kremlin; those from Smolensk, views of the fortifications; those from Novgorod, of that city's ancient wooden churches. The last came to a Russian reserve lieutenant, a Moscow student, who had become engaged to a young lady classmate just before the war. A hussar lieutenant always received from a friend's wife, cards with pictures of hunting and outdoor sports. I thus became familiar, in the course of my duties, with many Russian landscapes — all the way from Onega Lake to the Volga. Many such cards came to a captain of artillery from his sister. His little nephew would always write upon them, in a scrawling, child's handwriting, some verse copied from a Russian poet describing the beauty of his native landscape.

Photographs often accompanied the letters. In this way I came gradually to recognize the correspondents from their faces. After seeing these photographs so many times, and reading

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

week after week the letters that accompanied them, I felt as if I were personally acquainted with the writers; as if they were lifelong acquaintances, almost friends, in whose joys and sorrows I, too, had a share.

For instance, here is a petite, tender-featured young wife, with heavy hair and dreamy eyes. Her letters harmonize perfectly with her picture. They are timidly tender, with a touch of something childlike. She is constantly groping to find the proper word. Evidently a rather helpless little woman. She has no idea of practical affairs. In her letters she is constantly making apologies for her mistakes, and I can detect all too much evidence of her helpless worries in the sad, trusting, care-clouded eyes of her photograph. But her husband is impatient with her. I can often see him, from the window of my office, pacing up and down outside, like a lion in a cage. He throws back his head impatiently and squares his shoulders. He is in constant trouble also with his fellow officers; and his letters to his young wife are harsh and unfeeling: 'I have received one hundred and seventy-five letters from you since I was captured, but I have not had a particle of practical information from you. I am left in utter darkness as to how you are getting along, what our income now is, and what it is costing to keep the family. Please tell me what sense there is in writing that way? Yesterday I received a letter from my brother — and he told me what I wanted to know. Naturally I don't expect you, with your woman's brain, to write like a business man; but you ought to take some pains to write a little practical sense, none the less. If you can't do that, our correspondence might as well stop, so far as I am concerned.'

A general's wife, with a proud, aristocratic face, stiff and erect as a drum-major in her black silk gown, was just the opposite of this little woman. She wrote her husband: 'Recently a new man appeared at one of my receptions. His name escapes me. He says he is a brother-in-law of Michael Pavlovich. He has just been appointed director of posts and telegraphs. You see he is nothing remarkable. He said he considered it his duty to present himself to me. You can readily understand that I was not particularly enchanted. He will not presume upon another call soon.' The general was quite as shrewd in practical matters as his wife, and in addition more kindly and farsighted. He wrote at once, obviously much concerned: 'Dear Jenny: You made a mistake in being so distant to the brother-in-law of Michael Pavlovich. You write that he does n't amount to much. Apparently you do not realize what a director of posts and telegraphs means to us in times like these, when it is so fearfully hard to get letters back and forth from prisoners. Try to ascertain his name as soon as possible, and have him call again. We owe very much to Michael Pavlovich. Above all, don't forget that he can be most serviceable to us at present.' Then the general apparently bethought himself that others besides his wife would read the letter. He added, obviously for the benefit of the censor: 'Otherwise you run the danger of giving him a false impression. He may think that you are haughty and exclusive; you are not that at all. You must let him have an opportunity to know that you are really a cordial, kind-hearted woman.'

The general's concern was quite comprehensible, in view of the fact that the Russian postal authorities, in co-operation with other departments of the government, systematically suppressed thousands of letters between war prisoners and their relatives. At a liberal estimate, not more than half of those dispatched ever reached our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prison-camp. The rest were 'lost.' So it was no trifle to have a post-office director among your friends. I can convey no idea of the worry and sorrow which the blundering Russian postal authorities caused. To do that I must make you see the pained, expectant eyes of the waiting men, when letters were distributed, hoping against hope that their names would be called; and the weary disappointment when weeks and months passed without a line from home.

A young wife complained: 'I write you and write you all the time, and do not know whether my letters reach you. I have not had a word from you for months. I know that you are writing me — I don't doubt that one second; yet it is so hard to wait and wait and to be consumed with this ceaseless worry. It was just that way last autumn; for two months I did not receive a word from you, and then suddenly all the letters you had written during that time came in a bunch.'

Another young wife had been without news from her husband for six months. Yet her letters came every day. Every day she wrote her husband a postal card bearing a message of despair. The husband wrote six times each month trying to console her, yet knowing that he could accomplish nothing, for his cards and letters never got through.

A young wife wrote: 'Light of my life, Wanyuscha. My life is a mere empty shell without you. I don't eat or drink; I simply weep and weep and weep. I go to church just to pray the Mother of God to send me news of you. But she is deaf to my prayers.'

Not only did the Russian post-office busy itself to make the lot of our prisoners harder, but the Russian censors added their bit to that cruel task. It was quite right and proper for the latter to cancel involuntary imprudent remarks regarding military and political events. But their meddling did not stop there. The censors even added marginal comments to letters. One wife wrote to her husband in the torment of her soul: 'If it were only all over. If you were only back with me and the children. What good do all our victories do? [This letter was written just when the Russians were advancing in triumph through Galicia.] What do we get from all our military successes if I do not have you with me? All the rest sinks to nothing in comparison. I have only one thought — of you.' The censor added on the margin in a hard, pedantic hand: 'Absolutely disgraceful! A Russian wife should attach more importance to the military successes of her country!' Under this comment was the red seal of the Petrograd military censor.

Another wife informed her husband of the death of his brother. She did not know that prisoners could receive letters written in their mother-tongue, and consequently wrote in German. She wrote a bad, incorrect German. But she did so to be sure that the letter would reach its destination. 'Your brother fell in battle,' wrote the sorrowing wife; and the censor placed directly opposite the sentence this feelingless comment: 'Why does the wife of a Russian officer write to her husband in German, and in such bad German at that? It is disgraceful!' Directly beneath this, again, stood the official red seal of the Petrograd censor.

And the letters with death messages! One man lost a brother, another his mother, the third a friend. I would see faces light up on mail days when I called the names, and men stretched out glad hands to receive their letters, unconscious of the tragic messages they contained.

Frequently I would give these letters out privately, or inform friends of the recipients of the nature of their con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tents, in order that they might be prepared for bad news. I recall a young officer who was in the camp for ten months. He had not received a single line from home. I can hardly describe his joy on learning that a postal card had come for him; but that postal card brought the message of the death of his mother.

For months one young officer had been receiving letters from his wife, in which he could detect something stilted and artificial, something evidently suppressed. The husband kept writing to her: 'I cannot understand it. What is the matter? Tell me what it is. You are concealing something. Trust me with all your troubles. Are you ill? You evade my questions.' At last the answer came: 'Our little child died six months ago.' The whole letter was nothing but one cry of despair and grief. She had kept her secret for six months in order to spare her husband. But she could contain it no longer. I had seen her photograph; she was a dark, melancholy woman, whose lips, eyes, and hands betrayed an intensely sentimental and passionate temperament. She had fought for months to keep the bad news from her husband; at last her grief welled over in a perfect flood of unchecked lament and anguish. The pale lieutenant's hands trembled as he read the lines, crouched over in a corner; read them over and over, with wild distended eyes.

Frequently, as so often occurs in war, false reports of death reached the prison-camp. One young lieutenant, hardly more than a boy, was notified that his father had fallen in battle. The next day he wrote a letter of condolence to his mother, so tender and gentle that I felt almost as if I were sharing his grief. A few weeks later news was received that the father was alive and well. There had been a mistake made in names. In many instances also prisoners in our camp were regarded as dead because their letters never came through. One Caucasian officer was fortunate enough to have his letters reach home; but his mother insisted that he was dead. She was a Georgian woman and could read only the Georgian language. Her son was obliged by the regulations to write in the Russian language, and his letters had to be read to his mother. She could not tell whether they were really in his handwriting, and she believed that the letters being received were forgeries and that her son was dead. Finally, the son got permission from the commandant of our prison-camp to write to his mother in Georgian; but the letter which was to bring the mother the assurance for which she so longed did not reach its destination. The Russian censor considered it necessary to intercept it.

I could write a whole chapter about the mothers' letters. Many of them were solicitous, tender, and comforting. But some were constantly filled with accounts of wrangles with their daughters-in-law. Still others merely kept their sons worried by their nervous distress and unnecessary fears. A cavalry officer wrote his mother regularly six times each month. Her replies showed that she received all these letters. In spite of this, she bombarded the Red Cross in Geneva, Copenhagen, and Stockholm with inquiries regarding the condition of her son. That organization would forward these inquiries to the commander of the prison-camp, who answered them all with angelic patience.

In contrast with this was the tolerant, almost mischievous, composure of an old lady whose son was constantly beseeching her for money. She always sent him what he wanted. But, thanks to the postal conditions in Russia, there was such delay that her son would get impatient. 'Am I the son of a cook, or of an estate owner, who is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heir to thousands and thousands of acres?' To this sort of thing the mother would answer gently and with the utmost composure: 'Dear Son: You have probably received the money you mentioned before this. I sent it the very day your letter arrived. But I am worried about your health. Your nerves seem to be in bad condition. Please see the camp physician and get a prescription. Avoid excitement and spare yourself.'

Other officers also filled their letters with requests for money. But there were men who begged their families to send as little as possible and to use the money at home. They were the great majority, especially among the married men. For these, the state of their family was the main thing. Their letters showed special concern for their children, who were growing up without a father's care and discipline. They were constantly advising their wives as to the education of the children, and writing to the children themselves, telling them to obey their mother.

The most delightful and touching passages of the letters from officers' wives were those mentioning the children: 'Gulik had a sore throat. We called the doctor. Gulik immediately fell in love with him, and the same evening he mentioned him in his prayers: "Dear God, please give health and happiness to dear papa, dear mamma, all our relatives, the coachman Vasili, the dog Pronka, and the Uncle Doctor." ' Many touching letters also came from the children: 'Every day I pray dear God that my dear father may come home to us.'

Indeed, all letters from children were well filled with this single wish, often in the wording of a prayer. It was a feeling of course shared with the children by their elders and by the prisoners themselves. 'I cannot really imagine that we shall ever be together again. It is as if life stopped going when I was captured. We prisoners are conscious of the past and the future. The present means nothing; we live in the memory of the days when we were together with our families. I cannot really make myself believe that we shall ever be together again. If I could do so, I believe I should go mad with joy.'

It is late in the evening. The prison yard is brightly illuminated by electric arc-lamps. In the corner *Landsturm* soldiers stand on guard in long black overcoats, rifle in hand. The windows of the prison barracks are darkened. The occupants are asleep, or perhaps lying awake, open-eyed and dreamy. Their thoughts and dreams are all of their distant homes.

I sit bowed over the little green and gray envelopes, taking them one by one and reading them line by line. A queer feeling creeps over me. It is as if I knew what each individual over there in the barracks is hoping, thinking, dreaming. They seem to pass before me in my office, a varied procession, illustrating every human vanity and weakness. Lofty ideals, nobility of character, and deep sentiment from the soul, all stand revealed in these little green and gray and white envelopes which I must post to-night.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM THE RICE-FIELD TO THE MOUNTAIN

BY JEAN MARQUET

[De la Rizière à la Montagne *is the novel which received both the Prix de Littérature Coloniale for* 1921, *awarded by the French Minister of Colonies, and the Prix Corrard de la Société des Gens de Lettres for the same year. The episode translated here is from the first part of the book, which has received much favorable criticism because of its vivid presentation of life and manners in French Indo-China.*]

It was eight o'clock in the evening. Night was falling quickly. Over the fields the shadows were growing heavier, and the half silence of the Tonkin night was beginning. Numberless insects were humming, the buffalo toads sounded their lugubrious moans, the rustle of the rice and the bamboo was like the lament of hovering ghosts. Above everything there floated a sharp odor of the soil, in which was mingled the scent of disintegrating vegetable matter and the fresh perfume of new green plants.

Suddenly, the dull throb of a tom-tom, beaten with frantic violence, reached the village of Thuong-cat. What was that? Had the dikes broken? After all the woes caused by the cholera, was the village now to undergo the ravages of flood?

Alas, there could no longer be any doubt. The beating of the drum redoubled. A horseman galloped up, shouting that the Great Red River was menacing the dike of Thuong-cat. The earth banks already were letting the water trickle through. There was no time to lose. At the order of the headman, the public crier dashed here and there through the village streets. At every pathway, in every square, after many a tap-tap-tap on his hollow bamboo drum, he proclaimed:—

'Oh! Let all the principal old men, and the young men, come to the common house with picks and shovels to share among themselves the work on the dike of Thuong-cat!'

'Tap-tap-tap!' went the drum.

For six days and six nights a thousand men, bronzed by the rain and the sun of Annam, labored at the dike. One half the coolies repaired the broken banks while the other half rested in the pagodas and the huts of woven branches. Twice each day rice was doled out to them. Here and there were placed jars of tea, which the workers drank with cocoanut milk, to assuage their thirst. For six days and six nights they worked, the men digging up the clay of the rice-fields, the women and the children carrying it to the gaps where it was needed. Little by little, the leaks of reddish water decreased, and then stopped altogether. The danger was over. The headman, taking up his megaphone, shouted that the coolies of the more distant villages might go home.

Nguyên-van-Nguyên, with his shovel on his shoulder, started home with the rest of the men of his village. Happy at having escaped the terrible danger of the broken dike, they sang, along the forest pathway, merry songs which drew bursts of laughter from the women.

As they came within sight of the village, some one cried, 'Nguyên, what has happened at your hut? All the boys of the village are at your door!'

Nguyên, setting off at a run, burst through the crowd to confront a na-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive tax-collector, who, recognizing the owner of the hut, seized him by the throat. An 'Occidental' and two 'customs-house soldiers' showed him two jars of fermented rice-brandy, hidden under the *taros* in his garden. Nguyên had never even dreamed of such misfortune.

'Great mandarin,' he cried to the French official, 'it could not be mine. I have just come from working on the broken dike. I will swear to it at the pagoda: I have never broken the laws.'

His wife joined her protestations to his. No doubt, while she was asleep in the night, some enemy had put the jars of brandy beneath the *taros*.

'It may be,' replied the Frenchman, scarcely understanding the language of the Annamites. 'You can explain to the judge mandarin. You must come with us to Hanoï.'

How could he abandon his young wife, to go to prison like a thief? While he was gone, who would accomplish the ancestral sacrifices and who would work in the rice-field? Nguyên tried to flee, and in his struggle with the native customs-officer, his elbow struck him by accident on the nose. The officer, with exaggerated zeal, shouted for help. Everyone could see that he was bleeding. Poor Nguyên! He could not resist them all. Bound with his own turban, he was hurried roughly along the street, while the boys ran along behind jeering at him.

Was it his blood, throbbing in his ears, or had he heard clearly? No, he was sure of it, now. As he passed the house of his enemy Thuc, a mocking laugh came from behind a bamboo hedge. Now he understood it all. He was the victim of the vengeance of that dog, Thuc, who had always hated him.

At the prison they gave Nguyên a big piece of paper, covered with characters that he did not understand, with a little red piece of paper, which was very expensive, in one corner. When they asked him questions, he was content to reply, 'It was my neighbor Thuc, who hates me.'

Nguyên talked with his companions in the jail. With terror, he found that almost all were under the same accusation as he, and that they all said that the rice-brandy had been left by an enemy. Peasant as he was, Nguyên began to wonder whether they were all telling the truth. And how would the judge tell the innocent ones from the liars?

Some days later, as Nguyên was sweeping off the prison-beds with a sorghum broom, the guard approached and said in a low voice: —

'If you give me ten piastres, I will take them to Monsieur Bui. He is the court interpreter. For ten piastres he'll get you off. He's a clever fellow.'

'Oh,' said Nguyên, 'I am innocent. The foreign mandarin will let me go.'

'You think so, do you, you blockhead of a peasant?' snarled the guard. 'Eh bien, you will regret it.'

Then, one sunny morning, they took Nguyên, chained like a pirate, to a big house not far from the prison, with fifty other prisoners. There were a great many people inside and outside, Annamites in long black vests, and Europeans, with their white clothes and white skins. After they had waited for a while, he heard some one shout his name: 'Nguyên-van-Nguyên, of Ngoc-kieu (the Palanquin of Jade).'

He responded, 'Ya,' and went forward, trembling. In the big room it was so dark that he could not see anything. Some one pushed him into the middle, and finally he saw, at one end, a foreign lord, with a white head, who, he thought, must be the judge mandarin, and at his right, an Annamite in embroidered silk and a black turban,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who, he knew, was Monsieur Bui, the interpreter.

The mandarin with the silver head spoke in an unknown language, and then Monsieur Bui translated:

'What is your business?'

'Respectfully, I plant rice.'

'Why did you keep fermented rice at your house?'

'Respectfully I have the honor to tell monsieur the great mandarin that those jars of rice-brandy were not mine. My enemy Thuc put them there while I was working on the dike of Thuong-cat. It is the truth. There is a big hole in the cactus-hedge.'

'Why did you hit the customs-officer?'

'Respectfully, it was only an accident. I was trying to get away. May your entrails be moved to mercy. I am very miserable.'

'The defendant says he struck him in order to get away. He implores your pity,' translated Monsieur Bui.

'You are sentenced to pay four hundred and fifty piastres and to serve six months in prison for striking a customs-officer,' said the judge.

Monsieur Bui translated correctly, this time.

Everything danced around Nguyên, and he lay there, silent, prostrate, until the guards dragged him away.

'Well,' asked the prison guard, 'were you acquitted?' Then, taking pity on the peasant, he explained his sentence to him. 'Either a year and a half in prison, or six months in prison, and four hundred and fifty piastres fine.'

Four hundred and fifty piastres! Where would he get all that? His house was worth twenty piastres, his rice-field thirty. As for the family's only buffalo, it was too old to fetch any price. If he sold everything he owned, he might perhaps get a hundred piastres.

In prison Nguyên had but one idea: not to die there. In a year and a half he would be free. He would go back to his village, and there he would take vengeance upon Thuc. But a year and a half — that is a long time. Accustomed to the free life of the fields, could he stand so many months of confinement.

Piracy was rife in the provinces, and the prison was overcrowded. Every day long files of prisoners arrived, pirates from the North of Annam, with hard eyes, frowning brows, and muscular arms. One day the guards brought news. The governor of the prison had decided to send the prisoners condemned to a long term far away to the mountain — Con-lon. Only those who were sentenced to less than a year would stay at Hanoi. The others were to finish their terms in the 'Opposite Ways' — the high country, whose mere name fills the soul of an Annamite with terror.

Nguyên was one of the last group of sixty who were designated to be sent into the mountains at Ha-giang, to work on the roads there. One morning, long before daylight, they were chained again and set out sadly for those lands, so strange and distant, from which no Annamite ever returns.

These unfortunate children of the South are ceaselessly subject there to the attacks of evil spirits. First of all, there is the water-spirit, which gives you fever. Then there is the cave-spirit. Ordinarily, it appears to the imprudent wretch who has ventured to disturb its repose, in the form of a great black dragon, with patches of yellow. Its eyes fascinate a man as a snake's fascinate a frog. Smoke and flame belch from its jaws. Woe to the traveler who loses his way in the dark forest; for when night falls, seeking shelter in some cleft in the rock, full of vines and brambles, he finds death waiting for him there.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There are spirits of the rapids, too. They are the worst of all, for they attack the unhappy men who, for fear of the other spirits, have sought escape by a raft or a canoe. If the steersman, before leaving the bank, has failed to throw offerings into the water, — a handful of rice, a pinch of salt, a firecracker, and three sticks of lighted incense, — or if there is in the canoe even one impious traveler, then your fate is sealed. Either the roaring of the rapids keeps the paddlers from hearing the steersman's commands, or the steel-tipped poles slip on the jagged rocks, or else an enormous turtle shatters the bottom of the canoe with his steely beak. Whatever may be the cause of the wreck, everything — men and baggage — disappears forever.

Haricot, another prisoner, so named because of the smallpox marks he bore, told these terrifying tales to Nguyên, who listened with gaping, anxious mouth, while the train rolled through the rice-fields.

'It is a seven-days' march,' said Haricot to Nguyên. 'Alas for us! This is a day of sorrow.'

When it was night, the prisoners slept in a kind of shed. At both doors there were soldiers who kept up a great fire, all night long, to drive away the ferocious animals. In the agonizing silence of the hours of darkness, one could hear stealthy movements in the tall grass. All night long, terrified by the strange sounds, they pressed against one another to keep warm.

In the afternoon of the seventh day, they came at last to a city on the banks of a river of clear water. It was Hagiang. The inhabitants — Chinese with queues coiled on their shaven heads — stared at them indifferently as they passed to the prison at one end of the city. Alas, they were now no more than fifty-five. The five others had been abandoned at military posts along the way. Their feet bleeding, their eyes gleaming from fever, their bodies emaciated by their sufferings, they would never see the plains of the low countries again.

That night Nguyên dreamed of the little village among the sturdy bamboos, its *cai-nha* with gray roofs, hidden among the fields of sugar-cane. Would he ever see them again? And the great house of the village, with its red and gold tom-tom? And the pagoda of the venerable holy men, with the statue of Buddha in its shrine, under the sun-shade of rushes with a green dragon ornamenting it? Or the pagoda of literature, where he used to go with his comrades at school, on the proper days, to make presents to the sage philosophers? And his own house, where his wife, Thi-Hai, must even now be weeping and lamenting for him? And the rice-field, where his father and his mother were sleeping under the muddy earth? Would the day ever come when he should see that once more?

Oh, yes. Come what might, he would see it all again. He would go back to his village. Not to seek again his wife, the family tombs, the pagoda, and his comrades. No, he would go back seeking vengeance upon Thuc.

The next day the governor of the prison gave them their numbers. From that time on Nguyên became Number 42. A piece of white cloth, on which the figures were printed in foreign characters, was fastened to his clothing, and a *cangue* made of six heavy pieces of hard wood was placed about his neck. Then their daily tasks were fixed. The strongest drilled holes in the rocks and poured in powder to blow them apart, and Nguyên was among these. They worked in pairs, one of the two men holding a bar of steel between his hands, on which the other struck with a heavy maul; and as the bar sank deeper and deeper, they had to dig out

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the dust with a hook. Into this hole they poured the powder, tamping it down gently; and when they touched it off, the rock broke apart.

What a life! At this work the limbs become insensible; the eyes, constantly fixed upon the bar of steel, are dazzled by the reflection from the gleaming white rock. In these mountains the air is foul, the fogs make one cough in the morning, and it is often raining or drizzling. No one speaks kindly to you there.

Every day the quarrymen went out to their work, guarded by the native Thôs soldiers. These guards were the worst of all, for, proud of ordering the Annamites about, they used to threaten them and injure them ceaselessly.

In the evening, at the regular hour, the sergeant ordered all the prisoners to bed. Their feet were passed through iron rings and padlocked, and during their sleep the bitter cold froze their feverish bodies. They who were once so gay in their native villages now dared scarcely to laugh or sing. They lay down in silence, dreaming mutely of the day of their deliverance. A joke or a laugh would have gone by without an echo. How shall one be joyous in exile?

Those who had saved a little money, hidden in the knots of their long hair, gave it to the guards to lighten their miseries. If these fell sick, they were sent aside to lie down, they were given extra bedding, and alcohol was passed in to them in bamboo tubes. But others, like Nguyên, who had nothing left, lived and suffered in silence, like animals.

One night, when Nguyên came back from the quarries, he received from the governor of the prison a long envelope of gray paper, with red writing on it. It bore these words: 'Monsieur Nguyên-van-Nguyên, prisoner, Ha-giang.' Up above, some one had written, 'No. 42.' The envelope had been opened, no doubt as a measure of surveillance. Nguyên drew out a double sheet of Annamite paper, on which he recognized the characters of his uncle, Springtime.

'After you had been taken away to prison, an order came from the Residence, bidding the headman sell all that you owned at auction, to pay the costs of your trial. Monsieur Thuc bought the house for twenty piastres; Monsieur Luc, the rice-field for twenty-five; Monsieur Dich, the old buffalo and the pig for fifteen. All this money was taken by the headman and the mandarins at the Residence. Your wife and brother came to live with me, and since I have only a daughter who herself has only a daughter, I adopted your brother. When I am dead he will adore the ancestors of my family. After a fortnight your wife went away: Monsieur Binh, the sergeant of the soldiers of the sub-perfect, has taken her for a second wife. I would have taken action against Monsieur Binh, but he is above me in rank.'

Nguyên felt his heart sink. He was ruined, then! His house, his rice-fields, the tombs of his parents — the supreme misfortune — belonged to indifferent strangers, and with every season the plough would leave them a little less earth. His wife had abandoned him, too. But she was hardly to blame for what she had done. She was so inexperienced, and then, besides, Monsieur Binh was such a grand personage. He had no more reason to live now. Live or die, what difference did it make? Die? Never! He must live to escape from this cemetery of a prison. He must live for revenge.

At dawn eight prisoners, in four groups, were cutting stone in the mountain that overhangs the road to China. Their blows fell without intermission, though they scarcely knew what they were doing, so wearisome and so monotonous is the toil. Five Thôs soldiers,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

squatting on the rocks, kept watch, while one of them told a story of how, in the old days, pirates had hidden a treasure in a grotto on the summit of this very hill. His father, before he died, had told the story to him. Night and day a dragon watched the treasure. Surely the noise of the quarry must displease him, and some day a great misfortune would come about.

The 'pik, pak, pik' of the blows of the maul ceased. The four holes were filled with powder, and the prisoners waited for the sergeant who was to light the fuses. At length he came. Everyone took cover behind sheltering rocks, and, the fuses lighted, the sergeant ran to join them.

Only three dull explosions sounded. The fourth mine must have missed fire. After a few minutes the sergeant said to Nguyên, who was closest to him, 'Go take a look, you Forty-two.'

Nguyên went, but as he approached the mine, it went off, and the explosion, dull, terrifying, echoed far down the mountain.

After shower of stones, the rest ran out to find a body, bleeding, but still breathing, and feebly crying.

'Oh, oh!' groaned Nguyên. 'Oh, what a pain in my arm.' In his heart he was thinking. 'It was the spirit of the mountain that struck me. This had to happen.'

They put him on a bamboo ladder, his head supported by a Chinese hat, to keep it from sagging between the rungs, and they took him, as fast as they could, to the House of Pity. There the two 'doctor mandarins' put him on a zinc table; and when his poor thin body had been stripped, they examined him, shaking their heads.

'An arm must go,' said one.

'An arm? No, no I don't want it to go,' begged Nguyên. 'How could I work then? Better die than be a beggar.'

'Don't worry, simpleton,' a native nurse whispered to him; 'the government will take care of you afterwards.' And Nguyên, convinced, stopped arguing.

He awoke to find himself in bed in a narrow room, the room kept for prisoners in the hospital. He felt severe pain in his right arm, and a sharper one in the side of his head. He felt himself over with his left hand; his head was swathed in bandages and, where his right arm had been, there was nothing.

The doctor mandarin came in, put a little piece of glass under Nguyên's left arm, examined it, and made a wry face. Then he bade him not to cry, not to stir, unless he wanted to kill himself. The Annamite nurse put a pot of tea down on a table, and the doctor mandarin went out.

Nguyên begged the nurse for something to drink: 'I am thirsty, my uncle. A little tea, if you please.'

'It costs two sous,' replied the nurse. 'The "mandarin with the three stripes" sells a glass of tea for two sous. You have n't two sous? Well, then you can't drink.'

And the 'uncle,' full of contempt for anyone who had not even two sous, closed the door and went away. How thirsty Nguyên was! How his head burned! He must surely have a fever. How thirsty! Was he to die here all alone, shut up in four walls as a bird dies in a cluster of bamboos? He must not die; for, if he did, who would revenge him? He was always thinking of his revenge. Perhaps that was what made him so thin and gave him fever. That dog of a Thuc was quiet and happy at home, while Nguyên was dying of thirst. But he would get well and when his term was finished, he would go back to the Palanquin of Jade and he would have the vengeance that is so dear to the sons of Annam.

He would throw burning oil on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

roof of Thuc's house. But the house was of brick with a roof of tile. Then he, too, would put rice-brandy in his enemy's garden. But Thuc was rich. He would give a big present to Monsieur Bui, the interpreter of the court, and Monsieur Bui, who was very clever, would surely get him off. No, he would not revenge himself that way. He would steal Thuc's only son and he would carry him into the woods by the pagoda. He would throw his body into the well in the middle of the sanctuary's court, and the green crabs would eat it. And Thuc, the vile Thuc, would have no one left to worship at the ancestral shrine when he was dead!

There was someone coming. But it was not the nurses. It was a huge turtle and a dragon, which opened the door, and then a long black worm gliding between the bars of the window. Nguyên shrieked in horror; they were the three evil spirits that had come to torture him. 'Ah, pity, Messieurs Spirits! Do not carry poor Nguyên to your dens. Monsieur Dragon, never again will he fire off blasts of powder in the mountains. And you, Madame Turtle, Nguyên will never offend you. And you, Monsieur the Worm Ngaï, spirit of poisonous water, Nguyên will never drink the spring water again.'

But the three evil spirits had no pity, and they leaped at Nguyên, the man of the Peaceful South, who had dared to insult the region of the Opposite Ways.

The great dragon let the flame from his jaws flare in Nguyên's face, and he felt his head burning. The Turtle, with her beak, pecked at his right arm. The Worm Ngaï writhed upon the glass of tea and shrieked, 'Two sous to drink the poisoned tea! Two sous!'

As the first rays of dawn gleamed, next morning, a nurse entered, felt the cold brow, and murmured, 'Another brother of the dead.' Fumbling in the dead man's girdle, he drew out the two trinkets that he found there, threw the tea out the window, and went to report to his chief.

It was five o'clock in the evening when a wretched procession emerged from the House of Pity. There were four prisoners and two soldiers. Two prisoners held an object swathed in mats and lashed to a bamboo pole. It was the body, the very light body, of Nguyên-van-Nguyên. In these rainy regions the earth is not very hard, and a ditch is quickly dug. The dark brown earth gives out a musty odor. When the grave was made, the prisoners put their comrade's body in it, and heaped up great shovelfuls of earth. None of the rites indispensable to a journey to the Beyond. No, not one. No horns, no tambourines, no mourners. Not even a coffin. Only an old mat, a little of the earth of exile above it — and that was all.

Had death then halted the vengeance of Nguyên? Death had done the least thing of all; it had stopped the body's vengeance. But in spite of its power, it could not turn aside the vengeance of Nguyên's soul. Everyone in Annam knows that the vengeance of souls is more terrible than that of bodies.

If Nguyên had been abandoned of every friend, his soul, which had suffered so much, remained faithful. She would fly away from these unwholesome regions, descend the River of Clear Water, follow the red waters of the great river, and come to the village of Thuong-cat, where Nguyên had labored on the dike. She would fly across the fields to the Palanquin of Jade, and she would find shelter in the banyan tree that shaded the dwelling of Thuc.

Without pity and without cessation she would let misfortune fall upon the people there. The grain would die of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drought; the buffaloes would break out with pest; Thuc would see his only son dying, and the soil beneath the house would tremble. When all was over, when the evil deed, cause of all Nguyên's sorrows, had been punished, the soul would come back to the land of the Opposite Ways. There she would pause at the humble tomb, hidden in the grass, and there in a low, low voice, would whisper what she had done and seen. Then, for all their weighty mantle of dull earth, the bones of the dead would tremble with unspeakable joy.

And Nguyên the soul, having avenged Nguyên the body, would soar to the Buddhist heavens, there to rejoice in the bliss of Nirvana.

HOW SPAIN VIEWS MEXICO

[We print below the principal paragraphs of an address by Dr. Albiñana, before the Ateneo de Madrid.]

From *La Ilustracion Española y Americana, March* 15, 22
(Madrid Illustrated Weekly)

I have often noticed that, at the mention of Mexico, Spaniards look as if the word meant something painful or disquieting. Evidently it evokes for them the spectre of revolution. I have observed the same effect in other European countries. I once heard a Paris merchant lament that he could not go to Vera Cruz, on important business, because of the insurrections there. A Russian colonel, living as a refugee in Amsterdam, informed me with the utmost seriousness that only two nations habitually disturb the peace of the world: Mexico and Russia. And a university professor in London, who was escorting me through the British Museum, highly approved the United States solely because the *Times* had printed a leader that morning upon a possible Yankee intervention in Mexico.

Let us ask those who cherish these absurd apprehensions and misconceptions: has no European nation, then, had a revolution? Is it unprecedented for a country passing rapidly from childhood to maturity to have such growing pains?

I can well understand why other foreigners deplore the frequent domestic broils in Mexico: these interfere with their private business. But I am surprised at the attitude of Spaniards, since the Mexican nation is an offshoot of our own.

The character of a people does not change in a century. A hundred years is no more in the life of a nation than a year is in the life of an individual. Mexico still retains the traits and features of its original Spanish civilization. Spanish genius flourishes there as vigorously as on its native soil. It incorporates itself almost unchanged in the towns and cities of the Republic. Thousands of immigrants from every province of Spain are helping to build up by their intelligence and energy the country's trade and industry. They have acquired wealth in their new home. It is the adventurous and aggressive spirit of the Spanish explorer and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pioneer that inspires these very revolutions, where so much blood has been spilled to cement the foundations of a vigorous and enduring democracy. Sometimes, it is true, revolutions are sadly misguided; but their object is always the prosperity and greatness of the nation.

These belligerent excesses of a youthful people, where improvised armies rally around popular leaders of their own choice, closely resemble Spain's guerrilla wars early in the nineteenth century, where popular leaders fought first for national independence and to repel the Napoleonic invasion, and afterwards for political liberty and constitutional government. Before condemning Mexico's turbulent progress toward civil liberty, let us recall the constant revolts which the history of Spain records between the reign of Ferdinand VII and the Restoration. Was France a land of stable order before 1870? Have we no precedent for such events in the Italy of Garibaldi?

Has not even the United States, which now regards with patronizing disapproval or stern condemnation Mexico's stormy struggle toward political equilibrium, had its own bloody discords in the sixties, and its own eras of public corruption, financial scandal, repudiation, and political assassination? Even England, the classical land of law and order, has its Irish insurrection, accompanied by every excess of violence and outrage. Is not the pot of revolution boiling in every country? And are we entitled to pass judgment on any single land because it exhibits this universal phenomenon? Far from being a symptom of decadence, it is the growing disease of a new society. Nations like individuals have their climacterics.

Spain's colonial rule in America has left behind it a legend of tyranny and corruption, to preserve which certain nations sedulously pervert the facts of history. These ignoble efforts to sully the fair name of Spain are meeting at last the just reprobation of impartial and learned scholars. Some cynical passages in foreign authors of wide reputation, who have assumed the unworthy task of painting Spain's history in the New World as a panorama of tyranny and misgovernment, would be absurd were they not so pernicious. Cunningham was one of the first to attain, through ignorance or misinformation, the questionable distinction of a pioneer in thus maligning Spain. Two Frenchmen — Launay and Seignobos — followed in his footsteps, instilling false history into the minds of the youth of France through official channels of instruction. Another Frenchman, the geographer, Feyel, betrayed equally gross ignorance in his eagerness to rob Spain of credit for her brilliant services to American civilization. A learned and fair-minded Mexican historian, Carlos Pereyra, in his excellent volume *La obra de España en América*, disproves the prejudiced statements of these authors, and notes Feyel's absurd geographical blunders; for instance, that scholar supposed Caracas was a seaport! Pereyra quotes from a book by the latter this astounding statement: 'Spanish colonization was confined to the coast, except in Cuba, and it was the work of adventurers and conquerors, not of settled families.' Pereyra thus comments upon this statement: 'So the public schools of France teach that there were no Spanish colonies in Mexico, New Granada, Peru, Bolivia, Paraguay, Mendoza, Salta, or Cordova.'

One day, in hunting for old books along the quays of the Seine, I chanced upon a compendium of universal history used as a textbook in French *lycées*. I do not recall the name of the author; but that is not important. I opened the book, as chance would have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it, at a description of the Battle of Trafalgar. Neither Churruca nor Gravina was mentioned. But the author had the effrontery to say that this famous battle was lost through the fault of the Spaniards!

We encounter in other countries also this systematic hostility, this attempt to depreciate and discredit Spain in the hearts of her children in America. Interests are at work endeavoring to root out Spanish culture there. Mexico has answered these efforts by drawing ever closer to her mother-country. An eminent publicist, Felix Fulgencio Palaviccini, editor of the important daily *El Universal*, when Minister of Public Instruction, ordered the textbooks used in the schools of Mexico revised, to remove the slanders against Spain which they contained. A circular has recently been sent to the public-school teachers of that country, cautioning them against teaching these old errors to their pupils, and directing them to present in its true light the lofty mission of the mother-country in America.

Were this not sufficiently eloquent proof of the loyalty to Spanish tradition which still survives in Mexico, I might cite also the recent appeal issued by the National Congress of Municipal Councilors, inviting public contributions for the erection of a monument to Hernando Cortes.

Early this year Mexico experienced some commercial distress on account of the sudden and unexpected fall in prices. But this phenomenon was world-wide, and was not attributable to local conditions. It was natural that, after the recent revolution, there should be a deficit in national revenues. Insecurity and uncertainty had paralyzed production. In spite of that, the President of the Republic feels justified in promising a surplus during the present year. Revenues are estimated at two hundred and seventy-seven million dollars, and expenses at two hundred and seventy-one million dollars. At the present moment there are actually more than fifteen million dollars in the treasury.

Agriculture is prospering. The railways, of which there are more than thirteen thousand miles, are being rapidly restored to normal, and important extensions are projected. Mexico has recently acquired several merchant vessels from England.

I now come to a very important question: possible efforts by the United States to prevent the free development of Mexico. It would be blindness to facts, or a hypocritical evasion of the facts, to pretend that this question is not all-important. The divergences of interests, which tend to cause violent conflict between the two countries, are of ancient date; and if that conflict is postponed — and eventually avoided — it will be wholly due to the patient labor of Mexican statesmen.

However, I feel that even the diplomacy and model self-restraint of Mexico's leaders may fail to withstand her northern neighbor's pressure southward. The Mexicans can compromise on anything but that. And at bottom the issues between the United States and Mexico, no matter with what fair words they may be disguised by both parties, are territorial. Mexico possesses the richest oil-fields in the world. Powerful nations in both hemispheres, particularly England and the United States, covet this petroleum for their industries and navies.

Mexico gave its northern neighbors a free rein during the late era of cordial relations. But when the Mexican government endeavored to exercise its right of eminent domain over its oil and mineral lands, as it was entitled to do as a sovereign state, this action was immediately resented. Thereafter, New York financiers readily gave financial

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aid to every discontented element in Mexico. Revolts and insurrections followed; governments trembled and fell. Yankee millionaires shrewdly stimulated the turbulent tastes of the youthful people, believing that the government would eventually fall into the hands of men who would prove pliant as soon as they were faced by the choice of either perishing or compromising. That is the reason for Mexico's recent revolution; or, at least, it is the explanation of them which we receive in Spain.

In old Europe, Great Powers seldom solve their problems alone. They form alliances, which aid them to master obstacles to their progress and expansion. England is the only exception. She has held more or less aloof, invariably seizing the proper instant to side with the combination which best served her interests. But no powerful alliances have been formed in America to resist the imperialism of the North.

When great nations prepare to absorb their neighbors, they invariably follow the same tactics. At first they seek close association with their future victim, under the pretext of friendly and disinterested protection. In the next stage they accomplish an economic penetration, gradually engrossing the sources of their neighbor's wealth. The last step is to seize some excuse — making one, if necessary — to pounce upon their prey and swallow it.

That is the order of events in all territorial expansion which is not the outcome of a sudden clash of arms. What is the true attitude of the United States toward Mexico? Just now the White House is exerting itself to the utmost to be conciliatory and friendly. That is the first step. This disinterestedness looks very suspicious, since its pose is one hand extended in friendship to Mexico, while the other grasps that country's oil-wells.

Lest I be thought the victim of an optical illusion, in trying to scan America from this distant observation post, let me quote from a recent book, *El Pulpo*, a truly sensational work written by Juan T. Burns, Consul-general of Mexico in New York: —

> They [the Yankees] have struck their talons into the two oceans. They have torn from Spain the Philippines and Porto Rico; they have dismembered Colombia; and they have established their economic suzerainty in Cuba. Since they invaded Santo Domingo and Nicaragua, even during Wilson's Puritan régime; since they exercise a more or less complete hegemony over all South America; and since the original thirteen colonies, which threw off the yoke of Great Britain, have expanded into eight and forty commonwealths, what reason have we to place faith in the disinterestedness of their government? . . . Wilson's kindly interest in our revolutions is easily explained; for it was no new phenomenon among American statesmen. Roosevelt took the same kindly interest in the revolution which dismembered Colombia. Taylor felt it for the filibusterers, under Houston, who tore from us our state of Texas.

I do not know how much we should discount the book of Mr. Burns. The author says in the preface that it is written 'with passion but without hatred.' But, in any case, *El Pulpo* is indispensable for a study of the documentary antecedents of the existing controversies between the Yankees and the Mexicans.

What should be Spain's attitude toward these disputes? Diplomacy perchance requires us to be neutral. But there is a higher law, dictated by the generous impulses of the Spanish soul, which bids us side with Mexico. We are united by a brotherhood of blood, and blood is stronger than all diplomacy.

It is a law of the biology of nations that revolutionary convulsions are followed by a period of peace and expansion. I am not here to apologize for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

revolutions and the suffering and ruin that they bring. I would confine myself to emphasizing the progress that accompanies these periods of peace; a progress already well illustrated by what has been accomplished under President Obregon. It is hard to describe this extraordinary man, in whom every foreign office of Europe rests its hope, without citing that legendary Spanish type personified in Don Quixote — a man thirsting for heroic deeds and dangerous adventures. Of humble origin, but endowed with remarkable intellectual gifts, he finds himself, while still a young man, the first magistrate of his nation. That is no mere caprice of fate. He has purchased his honor on the battlefield with his own blood.

His tenure of power is contingent upon reviving the strength and prosperity of his country. He is laboring to restore the resources and credit of the ruined banks; to return to their legitimate owners private property lost in the stress of revolution; to reëstablish the country's finances on a sound basis — in which he has succeeded, as we have seen, so that a surplus is in prospect; to find some solution for the perennial petroleum problem so threatening to peace with Mexico's northern neighbor.

But he has another task to perform, as indispensable for Mexico as the restoration of domestic prosperity. He must rectify the errors concerning his country and its people which prevail in Europe. Men with little knowledge of geography, and little disposition to enlarge that knowledge, are wont to speak of Mexico as a semi-barbarous country inhabited by Indians, who war eternally against each other. Europe has not yet learned to think of Mexico as a modern nation. That is why the government of the country is giving so much attention to propaganda in Europe, to teaching the world the truth. It is a grand nation; powerful by virtue of its natural wealth, possessing modern political institutions, wise laws, and fine schools. We Spaniards should do all in our power to educate the world concerning Mexico.

FIST CIVILIZATION *vs.* SWORD CIVILIZATION

From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung, July* 20
(Swiss Liberal Republican Daily)

Heinrich von Treitschke suddenly flashed into my mind as I sat, with ninety thousand other spectators, in the greatest arena ever built. The attention of each of these ninety thousand spectators was focused with an intensity of interest beyond my power to describe upon the ring — that is, the little stage — which formed the centre of this gigantic soup-plate, where America and France were not to fight, but to box for the championship of the world. The decisive moment had come for which not only the contestants, but all civilized mankind — at least the Anglo-Saxons and the French — had prepared for weeks. One tenth of this interest and of the press-power concentrated upon this event would have easily put the United States into the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

League of Nations. People greedily read every scrap of information, every prophecy and speculation, published regarding the coming fight, every detail of the biography of the contestants, their weight, physical condition, health, and programme of daily acts. We were surfeited with data regarding their fighting style, their individual excellences, and their science.

And these spectators came, not only from New York, but from Chicago, Philadelphia, and wherever railways and steam navigation reach. America was more engaged by this event than by the Versailles peace or by the greatest European revolution. Journalists were present from San Francisco, Texas, Canada, and across the ocean. They were grouped, several hundred strong, close to the ring, in order that the results of each round might reach instantaneously an expectant world.

Now the world knows the result. In spite of the liberal support which Bernard Shaw gave his favorite, the contest ended in the fourth round with the decisive victory of the American champion. France's favorite of the gods, who did indeed win the throng by his grace of manner, was not the peer of the Anglo-Saxon Hun. The question which a great French publicist once asked: 'How is Anglo-Saxon supremacy explained?' was answered in this particular application easily enough. Against the overpowering physical force of this grim giant, who combined confidence and sureness in attack with apparently invincible resistance, Gallic skill, French brilliance, and all the other personal and sportsmanlike qualities with which the challenger was so abundantly gifted, were helpless.

Why, then, did I recall Heinrich von Treitschke? For several reasons. He hated the Anglo-Saxons more than any man in his age and country. Only a few months before his death, on returning from his last trip across the British Channel, he fairly howled with rage, '*Simply horrible!*' This passionate protest was evoked by England's political power, which stood straight athwart the path of German progress; it was evoked by English liberalism, whose free air was sweeping clear across the continent; and it was evoked, finally, by the Anglo-Saxon trading spirit, which made him unceasingly wonder how Shakespeare came to be born in England. In one of his last lectures upon politics, he illustrated the difference between German and Anglo-Saxon culture by contrasting the knightly art of sword-fencing with the brutal sport of 'breaking a man's nose with your fist.'

To-day the civilized world watches the latter sport with bated breath, and looks to the Anglo-Saxon trading spirit for its salvation. The young, democratic giant, — as dramatically incorporated in Dempsey's powerful, brutal, natural strength, born of the American West, as was French culture and chivalry in his opponent, — that democratic giant of whom Treitschke wrote some decades ago: 'What shall we say of a nation whose history dates from yesterday?' has become the master of the world. All Europe lies at his feet. And he has won this triumph less by arduous effort than by the mere spontaneous waxing of his strength in a day of crisis for mankind. Whether Europe has hopelessly lost the leadership of the world for all time to come depends largely upon whether the civilized nations, which practised the art of the sword until they learned boxing from the Anglo-Saxon, continue to devour each other in national rivalry, or whether they learn their bitter lesson, and turn to the path of reconciliation and peace.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KARADJITCH, FOUNDER OF SERBIAN LITERATURE

BY LOUIS LEGER

From *La Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse, June* and *July*
(Swiss Political and Literary Monthly)

The Serbians are rightly proud of their popular poetry, and particularly of their epic songs. The honor of having brought these precious documents to light belongs to a man whose name, though justly celebrated in Slavic Europe, is scarcely recognized further west, and of whose biography there is scarcely any knowledge — Vouk Stefanovitch Karadjitch. It is my wish, relying wholly upon Serbian sources, to shed some light upon this interesting personality.

Vouk Stefanovitch Karadjitch was born October 26, 1787, in the village of Trchitch, on the frontier of Bosnia in the western part of the present Serbia. His family, which had established itself in that region in 1739, having originally come from Herzegovina, was of the pure Serbian race and the orthodox Greek faith; but the name, like many others, was Turkish. *Karadja*, from the Turkish *kara* (black), was an epithet given to some ancestor with a dark or brownish complexion. The Browns (Lebrun), and the Blacks (Lenoir), as everyone knows, are not lacking among our own proper names in France. When he was born, his mother had already had five children, all of whom had died in the first few months. According to popular belief, it was the wicked fairies who had done them ill; but a Serbian proverb says that the fairies can do nothing against a wolf, and so the name of Vouk, or Wolf, was given to the child. He lived, but was of such delicate health that he could not walk save upon crutches, an infirmity thanks to which, in that epoch of bloody struggles for independence, he could preserve a life which was later to be invaluable to his fellow countrymen.

The child was endowed with exceptional intelligence. Brought up in a world quite without letters, he learned to read in his games. His village had no school, and he was eight years old when his countrymen had the idea of opening one at the neighboring city of Loznica. His father sent him there to learn, and the young pupil had already advanced far enough to read the book of hours in Slavonic (for there was nothing Serbian to read) when an outbreak of the plague compelled the establishment to close. Young Vouk's father sent him to a monastery, but the monks were much less eager to instruct than to exploit the children, whom they set to watching the flocks, and kept busy in tasks of the field and household. Vouk was set to pasturing the goats and his father had to take him from the monastery and keep him at home, though grieved at the necessity; for, recognizing his son's ability, he dreamed of making him a priest or a business man. Vouk occupied himself with religious books, the only ones available at that time. When he was sixteen, he passed for a *savant*. He understood the various coins of Europe, could announce the feasts of the Church, and read the letters which the people brought to him. His reputation was so well established that, when the Turkish Bey came from Her-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

zegovina to collect the imposts, he took Vouk for his secretary and gave him a place at table beside himself.

His father urged the boy to choose one of the two professions which he had in view — priest or business man; but the youth, eager for knowledge, sought still further education, and begged to go to Austria, into Syrmie (the Slavonia of to-day), where schools existed which could give him higher education than the Psalter.

In 1804 the revolt of the Karageorge dynasty broke out, from which was to issue the independence of the Serbian nation. Although Karadjitch could not fight because of his infirmity, the insurgents asked his services as a secretary. His father's house was burned in the struggle, his goods destroyed or stolen. There were no more herds to watch. Karadjitch, securing permission to cross the frontier, went to the town of Karlovice, which we know to-day under the German name of Karlowitz. This town, the seat of the archbishop-patriarch of the Serbian Church, was a sort of Athens, or Rome, of the Orthodox Church. In a single year the young student learned Latin, Slavonic, and German. At the age of nineteen, he wished to enter the gymnasium; but admission was refused him, for he was too old. He knew enough, however, to become a priest, an instructor, or a scribbler.

In the spring of the year 1807 he went back to Serbia, where he became secretary to the Senate at Belgrade, then professor at the city schools, then judge in the tribunal of Brza Palanka. In this primitive epoch an educated man was a jack-of-all-trades. Karadjitch taught without cessation. He gave particular attention to the language of those about him, to their customs, religious rites, and folk-lore, as we say to-day, amassing innumerable materials for his later works.

In the course of the year 1813 he had to quit Serbia. The work of the liberator Karageorge had failed. The Turks had come back, masters of the land. He went to Vienna, a capital which — though we are now prone to regard it as a German city — has from that time until to-day been an international place of residence to which flow the Slavs of every land. Two Serbians, Frouchitch and Davidovitch, were editing there a newspaper, the *Serbian Gazette* (*Srpske Novine*) — Heaven only knows in what intermediate jargon between the Slavonic of the university and the genuine Serbian of the peasants.

Among the Slavic philologists who dwelt at Vienna, a prominent figure was the Slovenian Kopitar, who was regarded as one of the great masters of his science. We are only beginning even now to realize of what stuff the Slovenians are made, and what aspirations from that time onward linked them with the destiny of their neighbors, the Croats and the Serbians. At that time their aspirations went neither so high nor so far. Kopitar was at bottom what my friend Palacky would ironically call a court-Slavist; he regarded the Slavic languages as purely a matter of philology, and he scarcely foresaw the circumstances which one day would set Europe on fire as the result of a conflict between Vienna and Belgrade.

In Vienna, where the censorship then existed, Kopitar fulfilled the functions of censor for Slavic languages, and in this capacity he had control of the *Serbian Gazette*, which, as a patriot and a philologist, he was indignant at seeing written in a strange jargon, a mingling of Slavonic, Russian, and Serbian. These ideas were also those of Vouk Stefanovitch Karadjitch. He had occasion to write an article upon the fall of Karageorge, which came to the eyes of the censor. Kopitar was delighted to find here the Serbian language as he had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dreamed of it, and communicated with the young publicist. One day their conversation turned to the Serbian popular songs, a great number of which Vouk knew by heart. Kopitar insisted that he should publish them and one of his countrywomen, Mme. Jivkovitch, supplied him with additional folk-songs; from this collaboration sprang a volume which was published in Vienna, in 1814, with the unpretentious title, *A Little Book of Slavo-Serb Ballads*. The volume had but a hundred and twenty pages, for it is a long way from this modest beginning to the great collection of which I am about to speak.

It goes without saying that I do not possess this rarest of books. In publishing it, Karadjitch came to understand the necessity of submitting the modern Serbian language to the rules of a definite grammar, just as in the same century the Greeks were forced to set free the neo-Hellenic speech from the influence of the classic language. He published a grammar of the Serbian language according to the popular idiom at Vienna in 1814 — an essay which was far from satisfactory and which Kopitar urged him to begin anew on a more ambitious scale. He was equally insistent that Karadjitch should make a new collection of the popular songs. Vouk went through Syrmie for this purpose, took up his residence at Karlowitz, and assembled his materials.

Kopitar had also turned him toward a new work, the publication of a dictionary of the Serbian language, bringing him one day a package of cards and directing him to write down little by little all the words that he knew or that were already included in previous lexicons. When he had filled out a great number of these, Kopitar took to spending every evening with him, discussing the meaning of the words and giving their equivalents in German and in Latin. Thanks to this fecund collaboration, the work went forward rapidly, and the dictionary was ready to appear in Vienna in 1818. It bore, as the name of the author, that of Vouk Stefanovitch alone, and it was printed with the new characters which he had designed to simplify Serbian spelling, characters which after long dispute, have definitely triumphed and make the orthography of Serbia one of the simplest in the world.

The book was preceded by a grammar of the Serbian language, a revised and enlarged edition of that which had appeared in 1814. In all the countries where Serbians were living, even in Vienna, Venice, Budapest, and Trieste, there were numerous subscribers. Jacob Grimm was so interested that he translated the grammar and published it in German with a eulogistic preface.

Karadjitch had paid the expenses of publication. He was already married to a Viennese girl, and had one child. He had exhausted all his resources, and his circumstances were so reduced that he had to sell a cask of *slivovitsa* (plum-brandy), which he had received as a gift, and his razors as well. The intervention of a generous Mæcenas was all that saved him from complete ruin.

He decided to try his fortunes in Russia. At that time Russia appeared to the Slavs like a sort of Eldorado. Karadjitch made a package of a hundred copies of his dictionary, and visited Cracow, Warsaw, Vilna, Pskov, Petrograd, Novgorod, Tver, Moscow, Toula, and Kieff. The venture did not turn out ill, either for him or for his nation. Indeed, the success of this trip induced him to try others. In the spring of the year 1822, he went into Germany, to Leipzig and to Halle, where he made the acquaintance of the great linguistic scholar, Vater; to Weimar, where he paid his respects to Goethe, who took

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a lively interest in his work; to Cassel, where he visited Jacob Grimm, the translator of his grammar; to Göttingen, and again to Leipzig.

This city was at that time the principal market for the book-trade, not merely German, but almost cosmopolitan. Whether by his own efforts, or through the help of his devoted friends, Vouk had somewhat increased his collection of popular songs. During the year 1823, he published three volumes at Leipzig. The first was dedicated to the Duke of Weimar, the second to the celebrated Russian Mæcenas, Count Roumantsov, the third to Miloch, the reigning prince of Serbia. We may mention in passing that Miloch could neither read nor write. We shall recur presently to his relations with Karadjitch.

The Serbian scholar went back to his own land enchanted with the success of his travels. 'The Germans now are learning Serbian at a furious rate,' he wrote to a friend. I suspect that he exaggerated a little, for he was intoxicated by the interest shown in him by Goethe, Vater, Ranke, and by the distinguished lady then known as Thérèse-Albertine-Louise von Jacob, who soon afterward, under the pseudonym of Talvi (borrowed from her five initials) published a translation of poems selected from Karadjitch's collection, at Halle (1823–1826), with the title *Volkslieder der Serben*. Mlle. von Jacob had long lived in Russia, where her father was a professor, and the acquaintance with the Russian language which she thus enjoyed made easier her acquirement of the Serbian idiom. After this translation, a French edition appeared at Paris from the pen of Mme. Elisa Voïart (1854).

Thus, little by little, recognition came to the modest student, but recognition is not enough to bring up a family. Karadjitch had numerous children, and his resources were more than modest. In 1826 the Emperor Nikolas, acting on the recommendation of Schichkov, president of the Russian Academy, awarded the Serbian savant a pension of a hundred ducats a year. In 1830 Germany was interested in Serbia after a fashion quite different from that of 1914. At Vienna, the illustrious historian, Leopold Ranke, had met Karadjitch and asked his collaboration on a history of the Serbian revolution, which he was contemplating and which appeared in 1829, as well as for another work, *Serbia in 1829*. He offered, as remuneration, half the author's rights.

'I wish happiness of every sort to you and the Serbians,' wrote Ranke to Karadjitch. The grandchildren of the historian — if he had any — took it upon themselves to make the wish come true!

The innovations with regard to language and spelling which Karadjitch had made stirred up enemies from the very beginning, especially among the clergy, born defenders of the Slavonic spelling and tradition. The censorship existed at Vienna as well as at Budapest. Karadjitch had undertaken a collection of proverbs, but such difficulty was thrown in his way that he was forced to print it at Cetinje, in the principality of Montenegro, where the censor had no authority. A letter of eulogy came from Jacob Grimm to console him.

He had an especially bitter adversary in the Metropolitan Stratimirovitch, an uncompromising partisan of the ancient traditions. 'I write as the people speak,' Karadjitch argued; to which the prelate retorted: 'If a drunken man staggered and fell in the street, you ought not to imitate him but to guard against doing likewise.'

Karadjitch made the cruel discovery that a prophet is without honor in his own country; but, on the other hand,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Germany, which in those days had no thought either of Bagdad or Saloniki, heaped up testimonials of esteem for the indefatigable grammarian and student of folk-lore. The University of Jena gave him the title of doctor, *honoris causa*. On July 17, 1852, Jacob Grimm wrote him that the King of Prussia, having received the dedication of the second edition of the dictionary, had conferred upon him the third class of the Order of the Red Eagle. . . .

Whilst Vouk saw his studies highly appreciated in Germany, in Russia, and in Bohemia, what was his situation with regard to his fellow countrymen and the rising principality of Serbia. Let us first understand the two personages principally concerned. On the one hand, there was Prince Miloch, a sort of royal cowherd or swineherd, wholly illiterate; on the other, Karadjitch, a Malherbe of the village, who, without knowing it, carried in his brain the literary future of his nation. Karadjitch, was living in Vienna when Miloch conceived the idea of calling him back to Serbia during the year 1820, and taking lessons in reading and writing from him. But, as an innovator, the scholar had a great many enemies, and his instruction of the prince had barely commenced when they hastened to convince Miloch that it was not worth the attention of such a sovereign as he. The instructor was thrown into the street. He begged for a pension which would enable him to continue his literary labors; but he failed to secure it, and had to leave Serbia in straitened circumstances. He had meanwhile gathered materials for a biography of Miloch, and in July, 1822, that capricious prince summoned him back, promising him five hundred ducats for the history as well as a subsidy for the publication of the third volume of the folk-songs. But in the latter there were poems describing the Serbian insurrection, in which the character of Miloch was not treated as he wished.

Miloch, moreover, presumed to exercise a severe censorship over his biography. Great was his fury when he discovered that the manuscript had been stolen, and that his life had already appeared in Russian at Petrograd, but he was at length sufficiently appeased to grant a fresh subsidy to the unfortunate historian. The work appeared at Budapest in 1828, with the title *Miloch Obrenovitch, Prince of Serbia*. The book was by no means distasteful to its hero, who invited the historian to go to Kragouievatz to revise the laws of the young principality.

The point of departure for this work was a translation of the Code Napoleon, which was to be finished by the end of 1829. Since this work did not please Karadjitch, Miloch relieved him of it and asked him to translate the Gospels, a Serbian version of which had been requested by a biblical society.

During the same year, Miloch named Karadjitch a member of the Supreme Court; for, though the philologist had never studied law, in a newly established state such as Serbia then was, an educated man ought to be good for any purpose. Karadjitch survived Miloch by only four years, dying in January, 1864. He had remained faithful to the ideas of his youth, and in the end they had triumphed. Asked one day, 'Where is the best Serbian spoken?' he replied, 'Where there are n't any scholars.'

Between 1841 and 1862 he published, at Vienna, a new edition in four volumes of his Serbian popular songs. A fifth volume, which appeared in 1865, was in press when he died. In the preface to the fourth volume, which was dedicated to Prince Miloch, he gave details as to those who had furnished the text of the poems, and the localities where they had been collected. Among those

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who had thus collaborated were Prince Peter II, of Montenegro, the Bishop of Ovjitsa, and other personages of importance. It was not always easy to secure from the singers the correct texts of the poems; and it was usually necessary to hear several versions in order to complete the song. Every bard was always thirsty, and numerous bumpers were necessary to induce him to give a song as a whole.

Of this sort was a certain Milia, of whom Karadjitch tells in the preface to his first edition. He refused to sing without brandy, but scarcely had he tasted it, when he became so confused that he was incapable of singing with any degree of order or regularity. 'To escape this difficulty, I had no other way than to make him sing the same ballad several times over, until it was sufficiently fixed in my memory, so that I would note if any passage was omitted. Then I used to beg him to repeat it once more, slowly, lingering over the words, and I used to write as fast as possible under his dictation. Then I had him sing it once again.

'The loss of time, as well as the work which I imposed on him, began to annoy the old fellow. There were also well-meaning people who ridiculed the whole thing, and used to say to him "What? Have you grown as silly as all this? Don't you see that Vouk is a lazy fellow wasting his time in trifles? Go home and tend to your business." The singer gave ear to these bad counsels and went off one day without warning.'

Before his death Karadjitch had the joy of seeing the triumph at Belgrade of his ideas of Serbian orthography. After the year 1863, the *Glasnik*, or *Miscellany*, of the Scientific Society, which later became the Serbian Academy, was printed in the new spelling, which has since that time been officially approved. The collection of songs, translated into all languages, has been read throughout Europe, and a collection of Serbian tales, which Karadjitch also made, was translated into German by his daughter, Wilhelmina, with a preface by Jacob Grimm, faithful to the sympathies and admirations of his youth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW NICHOLAS ABDICATED

BY E. SEMENOFF

[This is said to be the first account of the last Tsar's abdication based upon the testimony of one of the three eye-witnesses. Previous accounts have rested entirely upon the evidence of the two representatives of the Duma, who did not appear on the scene until after the abdication occurred. The three witnesses were General Ruzsky, Commander-in-Chief of the Northern Army, and the two generals next to him in command. The author of this article was editor-in-chief of the Allied Propaganda Service in Russia during the war, and it was through him that the 'Sisson Documents' reached American hands.]

From *Le Figaro, August* 15
(Liberal Nationalist Daily)

On February 25, 1917, by the Russian calendar, or March 10 by the Western calendar, disorders began in Petrograd. Between eleven P.M. and midnight of that day, General Ruzsky, Commander-in-Chief of the Northern Army, received a telegram at his headquarters in Pskov from the President of the Duma, Rodzianko, informing him that the people of Petrograd had rioted on account of the food-shortage, and that the trouble was assuming serious proportions. Troops had fired upon the mob.

General Ruzsky was informed through his regular channels of information that the people of Petrograd had food for eight days and the army for fifteen days. The general at once forwarded the telegram to Alexeyev, Chief of Staff at Grand Headquarters, in order that it might at once be made known to the monarch.

Two days later, on the twelfth of March, the Tsar left Grand Headquarters at Mohileff for Tsarskoe Selo, *via* Smolensk and Bologoie, but had to change his route after he had started, so as to make a detour to Pskov. Regular train-service to Petrograd had been suspended by order. Consequently, the Tsar's suite feared that the imperial train might likewise be stopped.

The train arrived safely at Pskov about seven P.M., March 14. Just as it was drawing into the station, a telegram was received saying that the garrison of Luga, a neighboring town, had gone over to the revolutionists. That made it necessary for the Tsar to remain at Pskov.

Before the Tsar arrived, a telegram had been received, signed by Alexeyev and addressed to Nicholas II, sketching the progress of the revolution to date, and begging the Tsar to consider the army, and the disgrace it would be for the nation to fail in the war. Alexeyev urged the Tsar to turn a deaf ear to blind and unscrupulous advisers, and to make concessions — above all, to give the country a responsible cabinet, headed by a man who enjoyed the confidence of the people.

A rumor was current in Pskov that the President of the Duma, Rodzianko, had left Petrograd to join the Tsar; but notice speedily arrived that Rodzianko would not come. General Ruzsky explained to us that this change of plans was caused by unfavorable advices sent Rodzianko. His visit was not desired. One of the two generals, next in com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mand to Ruzsky advised the latter to urge the Tsar to bid Rodzianko to come. It would be possible for him to reach Pskov that night. This would doubtless make it easier to obtain the necessary concessions from the Tsar. Ruzsky agreed to this.

That day, Ruzsky and his two generals were invited to dine with Nicholas II and his suite. It was a most gloomy repast. Conversation lagged, and there were long intervals of awkward silence. The Tsar was deeply moved, and obviously preoccupied, but tried to conceal the fact.

Late that night General Ruzsky persuaded the Tsar, with great difficulty, to appoint a cabinet responsible to the Duma. The Tsar would agree, then refuse, and then consent again. He kept insisting that this or that minister of the old cabinet should continue in the new cabinet. As soon as Ruzsky had received the Tsar's final approval, he telegraphed the fact to Rodzianko.

Rodzianko wired back: 'It is already too late.' This concession might have saved the situation on March 12, but the revolution was now running away, the bits in its teeth, and could no longer be stopped. The only thing that might save the dynasty would be for the Tsar to abdicate in favor of his son, and to appoint the Grand Duke, Michel Alexandrovich, Regent. General Ruzsky took this message to the Tsar. The latter ordered the General to ask the opinions of the commanders-in-chief on all fronts. This fact was immediately communicated to the Grand Headquarters, which still remained at Mohileff.

On March 15 the Tsar received the first replies from these commanders.

Grand Duke Nicholas Nikolaievich and Generals Evert and Broussiloff urged the Tsar to follow the advice of Rodzianko, *in order to save Russia*. The fourth commander-in-chief began his telegram by disapproving Rodzianko's suggestion, but concluded it by likewise advising the Tsar to abdicate.

By this time a report had come from Petrograd to the effect that the Tsar's Personal Guards had gone over to the Revolution, and that the sailors of the Guard, with their commander, Grand Duke Cyril Vladimirovich, had followed their example. The Grand Duke had even presented himself to Rodzianko and the Duma in an attitude contrasting strangely with his rank.

At dinner in his own quarters, General Ruzsky declared to his generals: 'The Tsar won't believe me. Let us all three wait upon him immediately after dinner. He needs your counsels as well as my own.'

So the three generals presented themselves at the railway station at half-past two on the afternoon of March 15, and were immediately received by the Tsar in his parlor-car, attached to the dining-car of the imperial train. No other person was present except the Tsar and the three generals. The doors were shut.

The Tsar received his visitors standing. Then he seated himself, and invited them to do likewise. Ruzsky obeyed but the other two gentlemen remained erect, in a military attitude, during the whole conference. The Tsar, who was smoking, invited the others to do the same. Ruzsky lighted a cigarette. The other two generals remained motionless, although the Tsar repeated his invitation. Ruzsky started out by submitting to the Tsar all the telegrams received. He then described the general situation, saying that but one thing could save Russia and the dynasty: abdication in favor of the heir-apparent.

The Tsar replied: 'But I don't know whether all Russia wants this.'

Ruzsky rejoined: 'Sire, it is impossible to ascertain what the nation as a whole really wants. But events are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

succeeding each other with such rapidity, and the situation is so critical, that the slightest delay may cause incalculable damage. Be kind enough to listen to what my associates have to say. Both of them are men of independent and upright judgment.'

Ruzsky repeated this request once or twice. Finally, the Tsar turned toward the generals and looking them directly in the eye said: 'I bid you give me your advice, but do it honestly.'

Both were profoundly moved. The Tsar and Ruzsky smoked rapidly. In spite of his distress, the Tsar retained his self-control. The first of the two generals said that His Majesty could not doubt his personal loyalty, but, considering first of all his duty toward his fatherland, which must be rescued from the shameful terms which the enemy would otherwise impose upon it, he saw no other way out of the crisis than that which the Duma had suggested to His Majesty.

The Tsar then turned to the second gentleman. 'And you? Are you of the same opinion?'

This general was so agitated that he replied with a sob: 'Your Majesty does not know me personally, but you have heard me spoken of by a man in whom, Sire, you have placed your confidence.'

'Who?' asked the Tsar.

'General Deduline.'

'Ah, yes!' said the Tsar.

The general, who had completely lost his self-control, merely stammered between his sobs: 'As an honest man, I subscribe without reserve to what the general advises.'

A silence of one or two minutes ensued. Then the Tsar finally said: 'I make my decision. *I abdicate the throne.*'

He saluted. The generals did the same. Then, addressing himself to Ruzsky, the Tsar said: 'I thank you for your loyal service,' and embraced him. Then he withdrew to his private car.

A little later a telegram arrived announcing the departure from Petrograd for Pskov of Gouchkov and Shulgin, the delegates of the Duma.

The Tsar reappeared with a telegram written in his own hand addressed to Rodzianko. There was no sacrifice which he was not ready to make, he said, for the welfare of his beloved country, Russia. He renounced the throne in favor of his son, who, however, must remain with him until he attained his majority. Frederic informed the Tsar that the Grand Duke Nicholas had been appointed Supreme Commander of all the Russian armies. The Tsar approved this decidedly. Withdrawing again, the monarch at once wrote a dispatch to Alexeyev, informing him of this appointment and of his own abdication.

During the absence of the Tsar, the attention of Frederic was called to the fact that the Tsar did not mention in his telegram to Rodzianko that Grand Duke Michel was to be Regent. Ruzsky thereupon wrote on a sheet of paper what ought to be added to the telegram. Frederic took it in to the Tsar. The latter brought back the telegram corrected, and said that he was expecting Gouchkov and Shulgin to arrive soon at Pskov. Then he dismissed his assistant and bade adieu to his generals, thanking them again for their frank advice. It was now a quarter after three in the afternoon.

General Ruzsky decided to wait until Gouchkov and Shulgin had arrived before sending the Tsar's despatches to Rodzianko and Alexeyev.

Twenty minutes later the Tsar ordered the telegram to be brought to him. Ruzsky waited personally on the Tsar and prevailed upon the monarch to let him keep the telegrams, giving him his word not to send them before learning the purpose of the mission entrusted to Gouchkov and Shulgin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These two gentlemen reached Pskov about nine o'clock that evening. Half an hour before they came, the Tsar sent an aide-de-camp to get his telegrams from Ruzsky; but Ruzsky kept them, sending by the aide-de-camp to the Tsar a telegram from Petrograd containing serious reports of the situation there. Ruzsky intended to inquire personally of Gouchkov and Shulgin the object of their mission; but the Tsar directed that they come immediately to him. When Ruzsky entered the Tsar's private car, Gouchkov and Shulgin were already present, but the Tsar was not there. However, he arrived a moment later, and told the two deputies that he had already abdicated.

Immediately after this declaration, Ruzsky returned to the Tsar the dispatches which he had written in the course of the day, and of which he had made copies.

Gouchkov and Shulgin were disconcerted by the news that the Tsar had already abdicated, and requested time to consider the situation created by his unexpected act.

About one A.M. on March 16, Ruzsky, Gouchkov, and Shulgin left the Tsar, who had just signed a double manifesto of abdiction in his own name and the name of the heir to the throne. The document was countersigned by Frederic. One of the two copies was entrusted to Gouchkov, who gave a written receipt for it. The text of the manifesto had been drafted at the Grand Headquarters and telegraphed to Pskov before Gouchkov and Shulgin reached the latter city.

This manifesto was at once telegraphed to Rodzianko and to Alexeyev, and sent to a printing office to be printed and promulgated.

That same night Rodzianko wired directly to Ruzsky, informing him that during the fifteenth of March a military revolt had broken out in Petrograd and a constitutional convention would be summoned. Therefore, he asked that the manifesto be not promulgated, and his request was granted.

However, at six o'clock the following morning, March 16, the manifesto was promulgated by order of the Grand Headquarters.

Thus finished the reign of Nicholas II, the Tsar who might have played such a grand rôle in history but, instead, left to future generations merely the tragic memory of a martyr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME BALTIC CAPITALS

From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung, July* 19
(Swiss Liberal Republican Daily)

Close to the border — an express train would cover the distance in an hour — lies Kovno, the new capital of Lithuania. It has none of the features of a Western seat of government. It is a middle-class Russian country-town, a sprawling village of dirty cottages and low business buildings, with façades that suggest cheap theatres. One's first impression is of a town where hucksters and second-hand dealers make a precarious living trading with each other. The freshly varnished look that other new European capitals have hastened to acquire, ostensibly to impress foreign diplomats but really to gratify the gentlemen in possession of the government, is entirely absent.

Probably the Lithuanians consider it more profitable to leave the diplomats to their ennui. When they set up their new government, they were helped by numerous home-comers from America, whose ideas of state-building had been acquired in the Wild West. Their government offices occupy plain, unpretentious, middle-class residences, and employ a most modest quota of officials. Government machinery exhibits the frugality and thrift which characterize the whole nation.

When I was last in Kovno, just after the German troops left two years ago, I observed this new capital-village with surprise, and said: 'Are n't you going to build a new seat of government? You can't develop a national culture in a village.'

The Lithuanians explained that they must first solve more pressing economic problems, restore business to normal, and let the nation's capital come as the fruit of their regained prosperity. When I returned a few months later, the desolate ragged men in charge of affairs had been converted into conventional Europeans. Our Berlin clothing manufacturers have found new customers here. The poverty-pinched faces of the people had blossomed out into blooming, healthy countenances. But the town itself, with its log huts and dirty little shops, was unchanged. Men said: 'The high cost of construction makes it unwise to start building now.'

Somewhat later, a natural calamity put an end to this policy of Spartan self-denial. A few weeks ago, a great conflagration destroyed one whole section of the town. Only a few chimneys are left of the wooden houses which covered the district between the railway station and the principal business street. Ten thousand people were rendered homeless; so the government had to do something. Engineers returning from America have prepared plans for re-building this section. It is assumed that modern structures of brick and stone will replace the former wooden houses, and make this part of the city the future business and civic centre.

Quite a different picture is presented by the capitals of Lettland and Esthonia, where Teutonic knights and Hansa merchant princes centuries ago built glorious churches and noble palaces. Reval and Riga possess ancient buildings around which hovers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the memory of great events and great traditions. However, their present masters were not their builders.

The Reval Foreign Office seems out of place in the old palace of the Teutonic Order. Seven hundred years ago, the Danes defeated the Esthonian army on Cathedral Hill and reduced the people to serfdom. At the same point to-day, the history of a free nation is being written. This well symbolizes the proverbial doggedness, the patient endurance of the nation, qualities which are the best guaranty of their new government's success. The Esthonians are attacking the weighty and unfamiliar tasks before them with the untaught confidence of youth. Great harbor cranes are being erected along the city wharves, though no man knew, when they were ordered, that within a year the port would be unable to handle the tremendous transit trade with Soviet Russia. Ships crowd against ship in the modern but diminutive harbor, and thousands of laborers swarm along the quays unloading vessels. Cranes and winches are incessantly creaking and groaning. Across the wharves stretch long rows of Russian railway cars, freshly painted in bright red, with the official initials of the Soviet Republic: R.S.F.S.R.

Darting about among them are the automobiles of the innumerable Soviet commissioners and trade attachés. And, by the way, the representatives of the Proletarian Republic are rated hard taskmasters by the wharf-workers. Outside the harbor lie other full-laden ships, waiting for their turn at the wharves. The whole waterside typifies immense tasks so suddenly imposed that they cannot be handled — and in this respect is a symbol of the Esthonian government. The authorities now plan an ambitious enlargement of the harbor, to make it adequate for all future demands. But they have not considered whether the present rush of business will prove permanent, or whether it may not have vanished by the time these works are finished.

This flood of import trade has revolutionized the whole town. What was formerly the residential quarter of rich German Baltic merchants and manor lords has suddenly become an exclusively business section. The newly-rich merchant princes are building villas in the suburbs, in imitation of English country houses. Most of the old graces and elegances of life have vanished. The hotels have become cabarets, where second-class actors and singers from Odessa or Saratoff entertain foreign sailors and shipmasters. The latter spend lavishly the mountains of Esthonian money which they receive in exchange for a dollar or a pound sterling. Cabaret singers, acrobats, dancers, jugglers, boxers, and — latest novelty of all — bull-fighters, have thronged here to entertain these foreign seafolk.

Meanwhile, the Esthonians plod along at their daily tasks, indifferent to this foreign carnival, with that Northern absence of temperament which they share with their kinsfolk, the Finns.

The Letts, who are racially distinct from the Esthonians, have always been more ready to assimilate with their neighbors. Under the Tsars they acquired many Russian traits, especially the jovial, winning manner of their rulers. For the same reason, they, in turn, reacted more strongly on Russian life. Their capital, Riga, is an ancient centre of culture, and they have had a broad basis there upon which to build since they achieved self-government. Although they have been independent only two years, and have been harried by revolts, invasions, and a Bolshevist interregnum, they already have a good opera and an excellent ballet. At the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

National Theatre, Lett popular plays are presented. These resemble Russian popular plays in their tenderness and naturalness. The people are as hospitable as the Russians, and have thrown their capital open to every other nation. Here, too, the crews and masters of foreign vessels amuse themselves in the harbor cafés after the Reval fashion; but the Letts, instead of going their way apart like the Esthonians, mingle with their stranger-guests and the numerous Russian refugees who have found sanctuary in their capital. The latter now call the Dvina metropolis 'Little Petrograd.' The government encourages them to spend their money freely, and they welcome the privilege, trying to forget in the revelry of the Lett capital the nightmare from which they have escaped at home. You find them at 8 P.M. in the opera, at 11 P.M. supping in a fashionable restaurant, at 1 A.M. in some fashionable gambling-parlor; then the long procession of taxis starts down Elizabeth and Suvorov streets, where the bright lights of cabarets and dancing-halls burn till dawn.

UNVISITED JAPAN. I

BY J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT

From *The Daily Telegraph, August* 1, 6, 8
(INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE)

THE name of Yamaguchi prefecture, which is at the extreme southwest of the mainland, is not so familiar as the name of its port, Shimoneseki. I propose to set down some notes of a journey by ricksha, motor, and afoot, from Yamaguchi along the northern coastline, where there was no railway, to Matsue, forever famous as the home of Lafcadio Hearn.

At our first stopping-place, I saw a photograph showing a Buddhist priest engaged with school girls in tree-planting. Not only schools and young men's associations, but other organizations, acquire merit by helping the good work of reafforestation. Floods, due to the denudation of the hills of trees, do an enormous amount of damage. The imagination of the tourist is caught by the fact that there are four earthquakes a day in Japan, and that within a twelve-month fires may destroy 400 acres or so of buildings; but floods cause much greater loss of life and property. Every year on an average floods drown 600 people and cause a money loss of a million and a quarter yen. These appalling figures do not include the loss of life by typhoons and tidal waves.

I visited an ex-governor in retirement in a hamlet. He was living very comfortably on £150 a year; but that was in the early days of the war. It is almost incredible how cheaply people could live in Japan in the old days. A little more than a quarter of a century ago, the family of a friend of mine, now of high rank, was living in a county town on ten shillings and sixpence a month. There were two adults and three children. Rent was half a crown and the rice bill was nearly four shillings.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I stopped to watch a farmer's wife and daughter threshing in a barn by pulling the rice through a row of steel teeth, the simple form of threshing implement which is seen in slightly different patterns all over Japan. It is the successor of a somewhat similar contrivance of bamboo stakes. The women told me that one of them could thresh fourteen bushels a day. The steel implement cost five shillings from traveling vendors, but only half that from the co-operative store, and, happily, rural Japan is full of coöperative stores. While we talked, the farmer appeared. I remember that I apologized to him for unwittingly stepping on the threshold of the barn, that is, the grooved timber in which the sliding doors run. It is considered to be an insult to the head of the house to tread on the threshold, as in some way 'standing on the householder's head.' But, as I was a young man, he viewed my ill manners lightly. This man had a bamboo plantation, and he told me that the bamboo would shoot up at the rate of more than a foot in twenty-four hours. (Last month I measured the growth of a shoot of a Dorothy Perkins rose, and found that it averaged about a quarter of an inch in twenty-four hours.)

We ate our lunch one day in the headman's room in the village office. Hanging from the ceiling was the sealed envelope, to be opened on receipt of a telegram. Some member of the village staff always slept in that room. The envelope contained instructions to be acted upon if mobilization took place. Among odds and ends of information which the headman gave me was a fact about grave-digging. If there was in the neighborhood no member of a 'special tribe,' to which grave-digging was usually relegated, it was the duty of neighbors to dig graves. A community's displeasure was marked by neighbors refraining from helping to dig an unpopular person's grave. (One might have expected to hear that such a grave would be dug with alacrity.) Families which had run counter to public opinion had to apologize before they could get neighborly help at the burial of their dead.

I was wakened one morning by the voice of a woman earnestly praying. She stood in the yard of the house opposite the inn, and faced first in one direction and then in another. A friend of mine once stayed overnight at an inn on the river at Kyoto. In the morning he saw several men and a considerable number of women praying by the waterside. They were the keepers and inmates of houses of ill fame. The old Shinto idea was that, at other times than festivals, prayers might be made anywhere, for the god was at the shrine at festivals only. Nowadays some old men go to the shrine every morning, just as many old women are seen at the Buddhist temples daily. Half the visitors to a Shinto shrine, an educated man assured me, may pray; but in the case of the other half the 'worship' is 'no more than a motion of respect.'

At a county town I found a library of 4000 volumes. They were largely an inheritance from the feudal régime, and included almost no foreign books. Wherever I went in Japan I could not but note the clusters of readers at the open fronts of bookshops. It is not generally known that the percentage of illiteracy in Japan is lower than that of the United States. This fact is the more striking when it is remembered that the ideographs greatly prolong the educational course. The fact reminds one of Professor Gilbert Murray's remark that English spelling entails a loss of one year in the child's school time. In the Japanese elementary school course no more than 1300 ideographs are used. The newspapers employ about 2000, and are trying to reduce the number,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but many of the types have explanatory characters attached to them.

On one day's journey I had for the first time in Japan a ricksha with wooden wheels, and in the hills I passed a man kneeling in a 'kaga,' the old-fashioned litter. My companion told me that it was a rare thing for a foreigner to pass that way, and that he had difficulty in understanding what people said. I met a company of strolling players, — a man, his wife, and two girls, — all with clever faces. I saw in a tree a doll put there by children who believed that they could secure by so doing a fine day for an outing.

At a shop I made a note of the signs, the usual strips of white wood, about 8 by 3 inches, nailed up perpendicularly with the inscriptions written in black. One sign was the announcement of the name and address of the householder, which must be shown on every Japanese house, a second stated that the place was licensed as a shop; a third that the householder's wife was licensed to keep an inn; a fourth that the householder was a seller of silkworm cocoons; a fifth that he was a member of the coöperative credit society; a sixth that he belonged to the Red Cross Society; a seventh that his wife was a member of the Patriotic Women's Society; the eighth, ninth, and tenth, that the shopkeeper was an adherent of a certain Shinto shrine, and had visited three shrines and made donations to them. An eleventh proclaimed that he was of the Zen sect of Buddhism. Finally, there was a box, in which were stored the charms from various shrines, charms against fire, to bring home a stray cat, to keep off epidemics, and so forth.

I passed a company of villagers working on the road for the local authorities. The laborers were chiefly old people, and they were taking their task very easily. Farther along the road men and women were working singly. It seemed that the laborers belonged to families which, instead of paying rates, preferred to do a bit of road mending. The work was done when they had time to spare. As I passed these people I saw a beautiful tree in red blossom. The name given to it is 'monkey slip,' because of the smoothness of the skin, which recalled the name of that very different ornament of suburban gardens, 'monkey puzzle.'

During this journey we recovered something of the conditions of old-time travel. There were chats by the way, and conferences at the inn in the evening and in the morning concerning distances, the kind of vehicles obtainable, the character of their drivers, the charges, the condition of the road, the probable weather, and the places at which satisfactory accommodation might be had. What was different from the old days was that, at every stopping-place but one, we had electric light. Part of our journey was done in motors, driven by young men in blue cotton tights, at too high a speed considering the curliness and narrowness of the road by which we crossed the passes. The roads are kept in good condition, but they were made for hand-cart and ricksha traffic.

We passed an island on which I was told there were a dozen houses. When a death occurs a beacon fire is made, and a priest on the mainland conducts the funeral ceremony. We passed, at one of the fishing hamlets, the wreck of a Russian cruiser which came ashore after the battle of Tsushima. Two boat derricks from the cruiser served as gateposts at the entrance of the school playground.

The use of dogs to help to draw rickshas is forbidden in some prefectures, but in three stages of our journey we had the aid of robust dogs. During this period, however, I saw attached to rickshas we passed three dogs that did not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seem up to their work. Dogs suffer when used for draught purposes, because their chests are not adapted for pulling, and because the pads of their feet get tender. The animals we had were treated well. Each ricksha had a cord with a hook at the end attached to it, and this hook was slipped into a ring on the dog's harness. The dogs were released when we went down-hill, and usually on the level. Several times during each run, when we came to a stream or a pond, or even a ditch, the dogs were released for a bath. They invariably leaped into the water, drank moderately, and next, if the water was too shallow for swimming, sat down in it, and then lay down. Sometimes a dog temporarily at liberty would find on his own account a small waterhole, and it was comical to see him taking a sitz bath in it. When the sun was hot, a dog would sometimes be retained on his cord when not pulling, in order that he might trot along in the shade below the ricksha. The dog of the ricksha following mine usually managed, when pulling, to take advantage of the shade thrown by my vehicle. A ricksha-puller told me that he had given sixteen shillings for his dog. Dogs were sometimes sold for one pound, or even thirty shillings. The difficulty was to get a dog that had good feet and would pull. But further notes of this trip in an unfamiliar part of Japan must be deferred for another article.

In out-of-the-way parts of Japan, like this Shimane and Tottori coast, along which I was passing by ricksha and motor, the carved stones by the roadside are always interesting. In this region I was struck by the number of memorials to men who had introduced the sweet potato into their localities. One stone was cut in the shape of a potato. Now and then a wayside monument was in memory of a famous wrestler. I also saw stones in memory of steeds which perished in Manchuria. At one spot, where we rested at midday, the innkeeper did not remember any foreigner passing that way since his boyhood. In this part it took nearly four days for a Tokyo newspaper to arrive. I noticed several rice-fields no bigger than a couple of table-napkins. I frequently saw a woman at work in the fields with a child on her back. Near one farmhouse where a bull was tethered, children were playing round it. Why are the Japanese bulls so friendly? I often noticed bulls drawing carts and behaving as sedately as donkeys.

At one village office I looked through the expenditure of the village agricultural association. Five pounds had been spent on a cattle-fair, and ten shillings monthly to provide a series of lectures. A sovereign had been laid out to purchase for members good seed of the giant radish, called *daikon;* it runs to two or three feet long, and is as thick as a man's wrist. On a children's campaign against the insects preying on rice there had been an expenditure of two pounds, ten shillings. It seems the children were paid four *rin* — a rin is the tenth of a farthing — for every ten little clusters of eggs. For ten moths the reward was two rin. One pound had been invested in helping young people to attend lectures at a distance. All this was for a commune of 3000 people. There had been no police offenses during the year.

Several young men passed us on bicycles. They were wearing the wooden footgear called *geta,* which they found no greater impediment than rural Hollanders experience when awheel with *klompen* on their feet. It was a market day when we neared railhead, and many folk were walking in their best clothes. Of fourteen umbrellas that I counted used as parasols to keep off the sun, only one was of the Japanese paper sort. All the others were black

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

silk and steel-ribbed in foreign style, except for a crude embroidery on the silk. It was as much as our ricksha men could do to move through the dense crowd of rustics in front of booths and shops; but once more I was impressed by the imperturbability and natural courtesy of the country people. At the station quite a number of farmers and their families had assembled, not to travel by the train, but to see it start.

Before taking to the train, let me pay my tribute to the ricksha, or, as it is usually called, *kuruma*. On these pneumatic-tired vehicles it seems possible to travel almost an indefinite distance. If the country be hilly, one has a second kuruma man, who pushes behind, or acts as brakeman, as required. One has no difficulty whatever in traveling thirty miles a day. I have done so for more than a week on end. Indeed, in my experience country kuruma-pullers have always been anxious to trot farther than I was willing to be carried in the twenty-four hours. In hot weather the tall foreigner soon gets tired sitting in a vehicle the back of which is arranged for short Japanese bodies.

The *basha* is a very different vehicle from the trim, graceful, and, in its way, modern-looking kuruma. It might be said of the basha that it has rather the appearance of a vehicle which was evolved by a Japanese of an economical turn, after hearing a description of a 'bus from a foreigner who spoke very little Japanese, had not been home for forty years, and had seen no illustrated papers in the meantime. As the body of the vehicle is built just high enough and the seats just wide enough for Japanese, the long-legged foreigner continually bumps the roof; and when he is not bumping the roof he has much too narrow a seat to sit on. Sometimes the basha has springs of a sort, and sometimes it has none. But the kind of roads from the rural railway station where most bashas meet trains is more than the best springs can cope with. The only tolerable place for Mr. Foreigner in a basha is one of the two seats facing one another on the top of the vehicle next the driver. In one of these seats, — because there are only openings, not windows, in a basha, — it is possible for the alien passenger to anchor himself by throwing an arm round one of the uprights that support the roof. If, at an unusually hard bump, he should lose his hold, he is saved from being cast on the floor by the bodies of his polite and sympathetic fellow travelers, who are embedded between him and the door.

The story goes that a foreign tourist who was serving his term in a basha was perplexed to find that the passengers were charged, some first-, some second-, and some third-class fare, all, of course, for the same accommodation. The problem obsessed the foreigner like the famous 'Punch-in-the-presence-of-the-passengare.' What advantage could he as a first class be getting over the second class, and the second class over the third? At length, when the condition of the road had proved too much for the horses, the vehicle stopped. The driver got down, opened the door, bowed, and announced: 'Honorable first-class passengers will graciously condescend to keep their seats. Second-class passengers will be good enough to favor us by walking. Third-class passengers will kindly come out and push.' And no doubt they did push, kimonos rolled up thighwards, with the good humor, sprightliness, and cheerful grunts with which working-people get so much done in Japan.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FAMINE IN RUSSIA

BY A. WASSERBAUER

[*The following description of conditions in Russia's famine area is by an eye-witness who left Russia in August.*]

From *Neue Freie Presse, August* 14
(Vienna Nationalist Liberal Daily)

At the end of June, in the very midst of Russia, I saw the crops literally burned to nothing by the sun. Most people seem to think that the crop-failure extends to most of the country. That is not true. It extends farther than it has in most years when there have been crop-failures. According to the best figures, the exceptional shortage amounts to many million bushels. But that alone would not make the situation hopeless. Before the war acute crop-failures occurred in different parts of Russia. That was particularly true, for instance, in the Government of Samara. Notwithstanding that, Russia continued to export millions of bushels of grain through Odessa. The people merely had to accommodate themselves to that fact, and they managed somehow, though many solved the problem in a happier land beyond. But these were localized famines. To be sure, localized means a very different thing in Russia from what it means in Austria; for some Russian governments are as large as the whole former Hapsburg monarchy.

This time the crop-failure covers a much wider area. It has fallen heaviest upon the Volga Valley, which ordinarily produces the most abundant crops. In previous famines the railways were able to help out some, though most inadequately; cattle were abundant; the people had all the milk and butter and eggs they could use. But at the present time there is only one cow for five peasants. The rest have been requisitioned, or have vanished in the carnival of disorder. In addition there are government orders, such as one requiring the peasants to appear with their carts and draft animals every third day, for public services, which have lessened the cultivated area. One can well understand what such orders mean, especially in harvest-time. The amount of grain exacted by the government has been enormous. Only enough was left the farmer to provide about a pound of flour a day per capita for his family; all the rest must be handed over to the authorities. A peasant could not slaughter a single head of stock without incurring a heavy penalty. I personally knew a peasant whose house and farm and all his operating capital were confiscated because he secretly killed a single chicken. Where such regulations are in effect, peasants simply will not till the soil, except sufficiently to raise a bare subsistence.

Last year, when the Bolsheviki swept through Siberia, they found very large supplies of flour, grain, and other produce in the hands of the peasants. These peasants, or well-to-do farmers, had not tolerated requisitions. This grain was carried off under promise of payment; but no payment was made. So the resentment against the government continued to increase, and the cultivated area was reduced to a minimum. On top of all that has come the extraordinary drought.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This year the crop in the Government of Omsk, for example, was good. Hordes of peasants from European Russia flocked thither, in consequence of this, to buy flour. These poor bread-seekers traveled thousands of miles in the heat of the summer, packed closer than cattle in ordinary freight-cars, merely to get fifty or sixty pounds of flour, and then to repeat the fearful journey home.

Do not imagine that the Red Army itself is living in luxury. When I passed through Ekaterinburg, on the fourth of last July, we threw some mouldy crusts, absolutely green and purple, out of the car-window. In an instant a crowd of soldiers, literally clad in tatters and dirty rags, cast themselves upon these crusts and crumbs like a pack of savage animals, and devoured them greedily. Thereupon I handed a soldier a piece of dry but edible bread. He asked me how much I wanted for it. Apparently it was worth several thousand rubles and he did not have the money. When I told him he could have it without payment, tears of gratitude rose to his eyes, and all that he could say was: 'For five weeks all I have had is mouldy crumbs. This is the first piece of good bread I have had in five weeks.' As a matter of fact, the bread I gave him was already three weeks old. This means that the grain which the army has requisitioned from the peasants has been utterly consumed. What little bread was issued last summer was poorly baked, and moulded almost immediately. Yet it was the only food to be had.

Sanitary conditions are inconceivably bad, and the supply of medicine, which has been decreasing for several years, has now reached the vanishing point. Lack of acids and chronic undernourishment have caused an epidemic of scurvy. You can see the effect of famine in every face.

Crowds of refugees have been a common sight around the railway stations since long before the overthrow of the Tsar. At first, they were people driven from their homes by the war; since then, they have been the victims of civil war and Bolshevist campaigns. They live almost like animals, and fairly storm railway trains, begging for food and for passage farther down the line. These refugee camps have grown to enormous dimensions during the last few months; for families fleeing from famine have been added to families fleeing from war. Cholera and other infectious diseases are raging. There is no medical service for such people. So the catastrophe has assumed the dimensions which horrify us to-day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGE OF VERSE

THE LAST WORD

BY ETHEL ASHTON EDWARDS

[*The Observer*]

Be friends with me; there is no time for words;
Let us forget the ill that went before:
Returns our love like Spring's returning birds.
We dare not strive upon so dread a shore.

We dare not strive with death so close at hand;
We needs must part as friends and lovers part;
Since love alone shall live in that far land,
Forget the past, and fold me to your heart.

So heart to heart we wait; the night is chill;
The gray sea rolls toward us and is dumb;
So heart to heart, though death may work his will,
We shall be one through all the life to come.

WIND

BY PETER RENNY

[*Westminster Gazette*]

This is a giant day.
Run out to pick a tree,
Seize a great flaring beech
And wave it overhead.

Run shouting through the fields,
Leap hedges and rivers;
Mænads will spring to meet you,
Contesting the race.

Run, — though you trail the clouds, —
Run through the roaring world.
This is a giant day.

FOUNTAINS

BY OSBERT SITWELL

[*The Spectator*]

Proud fountains, wave your plumes,
Spread out your phoenix-wing,
Let the tired trees rejoice
Under your blossoming
(Tired trees, you whisper low).

High up, high up, above
These green and drooping sails,
A fluttering young wind
Hovers and plays — but fails
To steal a foaming feather.

Sail, like a crystal ship,
Above your sea of glass;
Then, with your quickening touch,
Transmute the things that pass
(Come down, cool wind, come down).

All humble things proclaim,
Within your magic net,
Their kinship to the Gods;
More strange and lovely yet
All lovely things become.

Dead sculptured stone assumes
The life from which it came.
The kingfisher is now
A moving tongue of flame —
A blue, live tongue of flame.

While birds, less proud of wing,
Crouch in wind-ruffled shade,
Hide shyly, then pour out
Their jealous serenade.
Close now your golden wings.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRANSLATING POETRY

No one is likely to contend that poetry can ever be adequately translated. The late Professor Barrett Wendell was wont to recommend reading numerous translations of the same poem, on the ground that the composite impression left in the reader's mind would be something very like the original; but this was to be done only by those unfortunates who could not read the original.

There are so many languages in the world, however, in every one of which genuine poetry has been written, that even the best of us are sooner or later compelled to fall back on the translator. That is why it is such a pity that most translations are inadequate. Shall we render the exact sense of the writer? Then the music of the verse itself must go a-begging. Or shall we study the original rhythms with exceeding care, and do injustice to the ideas expressed? The perfect translator contrives to accomplish both, of course, but where is the perfect translator?

Of most translation Bentley's remark to Pope still holds true — 'A pretty poem, but you must n't call it Homer.' Neither must you call it Heine, or Gauthier, or Hugo, or — in these days when the world grows smaller — Sumarakov, or Lermontov, or Bashō, or Li Peh, or Kia Yi, or Tu Fu. The most famous translation in English literature (if we except the King James Bible, in which the translators frankly devoted themselves to the thought and were content to render verse in exquisitely rhythmic prose) is Fitzgerald's translation of Omar; but Fitzgerald, though he adhered to the Arabic *rubai* stanza, seldom sought to render exactly the old tent-maker's verses. Instead, he took the thought, sometimes the thought of several, and made a poem which was almost original — certainly as original as Emerson's 'Brahma,' whole lines of which are taken bodily from the prose of the *Katha Upanishad*.

Discussion of the vexed question of translating poetry has of late been rife among English versifiers and lovers of good verse, and Miss E. Crosby Heath published not long ago, in the *Poetry Review*, a verse-translation of Hugo which is of peculiar excellence. Her experiment is based on the earlier translations of Edgar Allan Poe into unrhymed French verse made by Baudelaire, who also made very beautiful translations of some of the tales. Hugo's poem is rhymed, the translation is unrhymed; but, freed of the shackles at the line's end, Miss Heath has been able to reproduce almost exactly the rhythm of the original, retaining its lyric qualities, so that it is with a start of surprise that one realizes the absence of the rhyme: —

GUITARE (II)

'Comment,' disaient-ils,
'Avec nos nacelles,
Fuire les alquazils?'
— 'Ramez!' disaient-elles.

'Comment,' disaient-ils,
'Oublier querelles,
Misère, et perils?'
— 'Dormez!' disaient-elles.

'Comment,' disaient-ils,
'Enchanter les belles
Sans philtres subtiles?'
— 'Aimez!' disaient-elles.

TRANSLATION

'How,' said the youths,
'With our clumsy wherry,
Shall we flee from justice?'
'Row!' said the maidens.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'How,' said the youths,
'Shall our memory banish
Conflict, Pain, and Peril?'
'Sleep!' said the maidens.

'How,' said the youths,
'Shall we win women
Without magic potions?'
'Love!' said the maidens.

✻

HARNESSING THE TIDES

LeMatin announces that a new effort to harness the tides will be made under the auspices of the French government. A report on the subject has been submitted to M. le Trocquer, Minister of Public Works, by a committee which has been engaged in a study of the problem for two years past, and the minister has decided to act on their recommendations by experiment.

The experimental station is to be set up at Aber-Vrach Bay in Brittany, where a dam 150 metres in length will be constructed and the water thus enclosed will be used to set in motion powerful turbine engines. It is estimated that 4800 horsepower can be obtained by this means.

An Italian engineer, Anton Mario Concetti has been demonstrating a 'wave motor,' by which he hopes to harness the billows for commercial use. Italian naval and military officers were present at some of the tests, held in the Adriatic. The machine is designed for use on those parts of the coast where experience shows that the waves remain fairly constant for a large part of the year.

✻

THE TERCENTENARY OF THE FIRST FOLIO

CALLING attention to the fact that the three hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's death occurred in 1916, when England was in the midst of the war, and no notice could be taken of the occasion, Mr. George Sampson, writing in the London *Observer*, suggests that the same anniversary of the First Folio, which falls in 1923, should be celebrated instead.

In 1923 [he writes], we shall have passed exactly three hundred years since the publication of *Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies*, in 1623, the volume that first showed mankind not, indeed, what quality of poet Shakespeare was, but what quantity of poet Shakespeare was. He came bodily into this world in 1564 and left it in 1616; but in a very real sense Shakespeare was born in 1623, and has lived ever since.

In celebrating the anniversary year of the First Folio, the anti-Shakespeareans, the Baconians, the Derbyians, the disciples of Delia, Donnelly, Durning-Lawrence, and Looney, can all join in such amity as is possible with such convictions. Righteousness and truth, in the persons of J. M. Robertson and G. G. Greenwood, can safely kiss each other in 1923. Shakespeare may never have lived, or may have been another person with the same name, or the same person with another name, or a syndicate of all of them; but (as some are apt to forget) the works are not a pretense, or an hallucination, or a supposition, or a cypher; they really exist, they are frequently annotated, they are sometimes read, they are occasionally performed; and they have a value beyond that of a hunting-ground for cryptograms. Someone may have proved conclusively that there never was a William Shakespeare; but no one has ever yet proved that there never was a First Folio.

What form shall our celebration take? I want to make a suggestion, and I make it now because we ought to set about our preparations in good time. The Folio brought together for the first time an astonishing cycle of plays drawing their matter from our national history. *King John*, *Richard II*, the two plays of *Henry IV*, *Henry V*, the three plays of *Henry VI*, *Richard III*, and *Henry VIII* — ten in all. Is there — I ask, not in rhetoric, but in ignorance — is there in all the literature of the world a parallel to this great series of dramatic chronicles? My suggestion, then, for a fitting celebration of the First Folio, is a performance of the ten historical plays therein contained — the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whole of them as they are: pseudo-Shakespeare, early Shakespeare, mature Shakespeare, and parti-Shakespeare. It is a great but not impossible adventure, and it would be the most becoming act of homage we have ever paid to our greatest man.

How could it be done? Certainly not in the beaten way of commerce. I suggest that the learned societies, — the British Academy, the Royal Society of Literature, the English Association, etc., — the many Shakespeare leagues and associations, and the various play-producing bodies, and so forth, should appoint a joint committee and pool their intellectual and artistic resources. The performances would have to be subscription performances of the kind familiar to those of us who used to be enthusiastic Wagnerians in the nineties; and there should be no difficulty in compiling a list of guarantors to guard against possible loss. I think the Old Vic itself would be a capital and appropriate place for the performances. Drury Lane and Covent Garden might also be considered. No attempt at the disastrously expensive and time-wasting Irvingesque or Beerbohmian mounting should be made. . . . The first difficulty is to get a start made. I suggest that our greatest living dramatist should take the matter in hand. Let Mr. Bernard Shaw, as a member of the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature, move for the appointment of a joint committee to discuss ways and means, and let him depute to someone like Mr. William Archer the managing directorship, if he does not care to assume it himself. But whatever the machinery, let us have the complete cycle of chronicle plays.

TRANSLATIONS OF ANDREYEV

Two new stories by Leonid Andreyev — new, at least, to English readers — have been published in translation in England, *His Excellency the Governor*, and *And it Came to Pass that the King Was Dead*. Both are pleas for government by love, and for the recognition by all mankind of the folly of violence. The first is the longer of the two stories. In a moment of outraged dignity, enraged by vanity, thinking not of consequences, Peter Iljitch, the Governor, orders the soldiers to fire on a crowd of strikers. Forty-seven are killed, with nine women and three children. Peter is an ordinary, brave, kind-hearted old man. The story is simply the story of his remorse, a remorse in no degree intensified by the knowledge that he is going to be assassinated. We are shown Peter in meditation, reading his morning letters, listening to his fatuous son, his uncomprehending wife, and all the time eating his heart out at the gradual realization of what he has done. Revenge has been the subject of many tales; but we know no story which better exhibits its unreasoning, rumor-winged flight, its strange, mesmeric power over men, or its one unfailing characteristic of never satisfying what it seeks to satisfy. By the simplest means Andreyev shows the black and echoing gulf into which the law of revenge leads the spirit of man.

And It Came to Pass that the King Was Dead is the brief account of the execution of a king. No particular king is specified, for it is not the author's purpose to write history, but to show the growth of the mob-spirit and the spirit of regicide, in which, none the less, some of the old reverence for the victim still persists, as the people surge forward to 'touch the knife, breathe in the fumes of the royal blood, and dip the arms to the elbow.' It is a vivid picture, painfully so, indeed, and quite in the characteristic vein of Leonid Andreyev.

THE POPULARITY OF PAPINI'S 'STORIA DI CRISTO'

When Vallecchi, the publisher of Florence, sold 20,000 copies of Giovanni Papini's *La Storia di Cristo* within ten days of publication, a cynic remarked, 'Anche Papini ha venduto Cristo.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The gibe is hardly so well justified as is the stir that the book has made throughout Italy.

There are no scientific novelties, no psychological pseudo-profundities. The author, here at least, makes no pretension to depth of thought. Sin is compared to manure, and there is a dissertation on carnal love which suggests an absent-minded lapse on Papini's part into his old manner, mood, and method. Because, or in spite of, these qualities, the book seems to have appealed to all classes. Literary dilettantes, the curious, the scornful, and the devout, have all read it, and the *Storia* is proclaimed, even from the pulpit, one that every Catholic should own.

Perhaps the reason is that Papini's latest book is, as he himself declares, 'un libro di battaglia,' and there are many in Italy to-day who feel themselves to be undergoing a spiritual crisis. It is a human book. 'Who touches this book, touches a man,' is very true of *La Storia de Cristo*, and the note of passionate sincerity gives it its success.

✠

SUN-WORSHIP AT KARNAK DISPROVED

THE theory of the late Sir Norman Lockyer and other Egyptologists, that the great Temple at Karnak was used in sun-worship, has been definitely disproved by the mathematical calculations of Mr. Richards of the Survey of Egypt. Sir Norman held that, when the temple was built, some thousands of years ago, the sun shone straight down its axis, and that this temple, like a great many others, was constructed for the purpose of obtaining an exact observation of the solstice, the day of the sun's most northerly setting.

Mr. Richards's calculations show that the relative positions of the earth and sun have been such that the rays could never have fallen, as Sir Norman believed, at any time since 6000 B.C., and that it last set along this axis between 10,000 and 11,000 B.C.

It was at one time the hope of Egyptologists that calculations such as Mr. Richards has now made would establish definitely the date of the temple's construction by showing when the sun fell along its axis. At Karnak the point on the horizon cut by the setting sun is gradually shifting southward; but this change is so slow that in the last 4000 years the point has altered by an amount about equal to the sun's (apparent) diameter.

Similar theories have been put forward with regard to the ruins at Stonehenge, in England, where archæologists now regard these views as unsatisfactory. The data available for making the necessary observations there are much less exact than at Karnak, and there seems little hope of determining the age of Stonehenge by astronomical means, particularly as a comparatively slight movement of the observer's head would neutralize the total change in the sun's emergence for the last 4000 years.

✠

BOOKS MENTIONED

L. ANDREYEV. *His Excellency the Governor.* Daniel. 3*s.* 6*d.* net. *And it Came to Pass that the King Was Dead.* Daniel 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

GIOVANNI PAPINI. *Le Memoire d'Iddio: La Storia di Cristo.* Vallecchi. London: Truslove and Hanson.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED